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BROAD HORIZONS



BROAD HORIZONS

Maple Leaf Sketches from a Prairie Studio

BY

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With a Foreword by

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Archbishop of Rupert's Land, and Primate of all Canada.



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To My Mother

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FOREWORD

The author of the following sketches has asked me to write a brief foreword regarding them. It is a pleasure to me to accede to his request, not only as an old friend, but as one who has watched with interest his development in the realms of literature. Mr. Edmonds has spent many years in different parts of North West Canada; he has come into touch with what he describes, and therefore knows whereof he writes. His descriptive sketches afford particular evidence of this fact, for they have in them the *genius loci* which lends to them not only local colouring, but the vividness of an eye-witness. I heartily commend this book to the Canadian public, and trust that it may have as wide a range of readers as its title suggests.

S. P. RUPERT'S LAND.

*Bishop's Court,
Winnipeg.*



I

THE DAWN OF DOMINION

The Story of Confederation



I. THE DAWN OF DOMINION

The Story of Confederation

“But thou, my country, dream not thou!
 Wake, and behold how night is done,—
How on thy breast, and on thy brow,
 Bursts the uprising sun.”

AFTER fifty years of confederation, and nearly five years of war, we enter upon a period of reconstruction as citizens of a country with no unworthy past, with a future big with promise, and a present filled with problems both pressing and complex. The torch of war has become the lamp of peace, and no intelligent Canadian who thinks at all about his country in these perilous times can afford to forget those men of large imagination who rejoiced to see this day, who saw it and were glad.

True, this birth of the Dominion aroused various doubts and emotions; secret misgivings were mingled with high hopes and noble aspirations. On the one hand, thoughtful British statesmen looked upon confederation as the first step toward complete colonial independence. On the other, Canadian statesmen were convinced

that federal union was not only an essential step toward the development of a true national spirit, but that it would strengthen rather than weaken the ties which bound Canada to the Motherland. Whether their faith and courage has been justified is a question that we must seriously consider to-day.

Before 1867 the provinces of British North America were threatened with many serious dangers from without. The repeal of Reciprocity, the abolition of the Corn Laws and consequent removal of favoured treatment for the colonies in the United Kingdom, the Trent affair, the Fenian raids, and the general unfriendly attitude of the United States toward Great Britain and Canada—all these served to make the provinces realize their weakness and to feel that in union alone were strength and safety to be found. There was also some danger of losing the great North West. The right of the Hudson's Bay Company to exclusive trade in the vast lone region beyond the Great Lakes, expired in 1859. If those fertile plains to the east, and those boundless forests to the west of the Rocky mountains were to be kept for Canada and the mother country, action must be taken at once. Only

thus could Canada extend her dominion to the distant Pacific and enforce her rule over the upper half of the North American continent.

Nor were the dangers within to be lightly disregarded. The failure of the provinces to pass the militia defence act, hostile tariffs, separate currencies, independent telegraph and postal systems, all were sources of weaknesses in the body politic demanding attention. Furthermore, the system of government in Canada had completely broken down. The Union act had given Upper and Lower Canada equal representation in both branches of the legislature, and this had resulted in deadlock. The cry of "representation by population" was proclaimed from every hustings in Upper Canada and as vigorously answered by French orators in Lower Canada. Three methods were suggested by which this deadlock could be averted—first, a dissolution of the existing union, thus leaving the two provinces as they were before 1841; second, representation by population, woven in with the existing form of government; third, federal union, the *méthod* which, after much discussion, was finally adopted.

How confederation was brought about may be summed up in a single paragraph: When Canada

proposed to consider the matter in 1859, only Newfoundland responded; when Nova Scotia took up the question in 1860 only New Brunswick was willing to co-operate. But in 1864 the Canadian coalition ministry of John A. Macdonald and George Brown set about the matter in earnest. By a happy coincidence of circumstances the maritime provinces in the same year had arranged for a conference at Charlottetown "for the purpose of considering the subject of the union of the three provinces under one government and legislature." The conference met and on the second day of its sessions, received a delegation from Canada. So great was the impression made by the speeches of the Canadian representatives that it was decided to call a larger conference at Quebec, to be attended by delegates from all the provinces. Here the statesmen of British North America joined hands, and by united action and generous compromise made confederation a practical possibility. The members went back to their various provinces and the proposed basis of union, comprising seventy-two resolutions, was laid before the respective legislatures. At the session of 1865 the address was carried in Canada by a large majority. New

Brunswick defeated the measure in 1865, but passed it after a new election in 1866. Nova Scotia, after some hesitation, adopted it in the same year. Delegates from the four provinces met in London in December and, early in the following year, the completed bill was submitted to the Imperial Parliament. It became law on March 29th, and came into effect in Canada on July 1, 1867.

The new Canadian constitution was modelled on that of Great Britain, though some features were borrowed from that of the United States. Experience, however, enabled its framers to avoid certain weaknesses in the latter, made startlingly apparent by the recent Civil War. The American constitution had been a compromise between leaders like Alexander Hamilton, who wanted great concessions from each state with a strong central government, and those like Jefferson, who wanted to take as little as possible from the state, and scented monarchy and aristocracy in a powerful federal government. The fathers of confederation favoured the Hamiltonian point of view. The provinces ceded all their former powers to the Crown, and received in return only such measures of self-government as their repre-

sentatives had agreed upon as desirable. Their powers for the most part, are clearly defined in the written constitution; but where doubt exists the provinces must yield place to the authority of the central government.

In 1867 there were but four provinces; to-day there are nine. Manitoba entered the federal union in 1870; British Columbia, a year later. Prince Edward Island was admitted to fellowship with her sister provinces in 1873, and Saskatchewan and Alberta were granted provincial autonomy in 1905. Difficulties were met with from the very first, but, one by one, these were overcome. The history of the repeal movement in Nova Scotia, with all its incidents and side-lights, still remains to be written. Long after Joseph Howe had passed to his rest, echoes of the agitation were heard from time to time, and it was frequently asserted that the project should have been submitted to a vote of the people. Owing to the peculiar circumstances then existing in that province such a course was out of the question, for it would have proved fatal to the whole scheme of confederation.

Fifty years ago, we put our hands to the plough as a Canadian people. Shall we now turn back

because of what any minority element may feel by way of regret? Canada is, to-day, one political entity. Her destiny has to be worked out; and it would be well if our political leaders could interpret the future of this young nation as wisely as did the Fathers of Confederation. They desired to call this new land the Kingdom of Canada, for they caught a glimpse of its future glory. Their wish was denied them by a colonial governor. And those statesmen in our midst to-day, who by taking the colonial view would hamper and restrict the life of this young dominion, are not men of vision, but blind leaders of the blind. The Canada of 1919 is vastly greater than the Canada of 1867, but he is not the truest patriot who would crystalize the things of to-day.



II

THE NEW ERA

Canadian Problems of To-day

II. THE NEW ERA

Canadian Problems of To-day

“Ah, when shall all men’s good
Be each man’s rule; and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land?”

BOLD beyond all others is the man who would attempt to answer the poet’s question in this closing hour of world conflict. The greatest of all wars has ended. Will its termination usher in the golden age, the reign of the Son of Man? “The future will have many social problems”; but that future is now the present, and in it we must consider some of these and attempt to enunciate a few fundamental principles on which we may base their ultimate solution.

Most of the problems with which we are confronted to-day are connected, directly or indirectly, with the industrial revolution, that great social upheaval which took place in England during the latter half of the eighteenth century. While this great movement was primarily based on co-operation, the old individualistic idea survived, and throughout the history of the in-

dustrial revolution, we perceive two mutually antagonistic principles at work, namely, co-operation and free competition.

A brief study of the movement makes this abundantly clear. Competition was keyed up to the highest pitch and handwork was driven in utter rout from the field. The workman drifted to the city to join the ever-growing army of employees between whom and their employer a great gulf was fixed. Prior to this period employer and employee had led a common life; they ate at the same board and mingled in closest fellowship. Now all was changed. The workman lost his former independence and became subject more and more to the will of his master. The employer, on the other hand, grew increasingly wealthy, and soon capital and labour were engaged in a bitter struggle which has lasted to the present day.

Nowhere has the industrial revolution produced a greater change than in the life of the home. The use of expensive machinery and steam power made it impossible for men to carry on their work any longer in their own dwellings or workshops. Through the division of labour the workman became a specialist, but the con-

centration of his mind upon a single task for twelve hours at a stretch left him completely exhausted at the end of the day, and home only meant a place in which to sleep. Women and children were likewise employed outside the home, and in many of the factories little children worked from twelve to fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. It is true that the grosser evils of child employment were corrected in the nineteenth century by factory legislation, but the home never regained its former position.

The factory has supplanted the home as the typical unit of production. Nearly all our food to-day is prepared outside the home. Our boots and clothes are made in factories. Even our amusements are found outside the home, and the film of the "movies" is factory-made. As a consequence many women no longer look upon marriage as the open sesame of a happy life. In their own words, they "prefer their present freedom to queening it in the home," and this ultra-modern attitude gives rise to a moral problem, the gravity of which is difficult to compute.

One of the most marked effects of the industrial revolution was, that greater stress was laid upon education. The privilege of the few

became the right of the many. Education was necessary if the workman was to become an expert, and therefore the employer was in favour of national schools. Greater efficiency was aimed at, and more scientific methods were employed. If they could not secure the desired results from the national schools, the great industrial concerns established schools of their own. This movement has gone on steadily. Ten years ago, at a meeting of the Railway Master Mechanics' Association, this great body, consisting of a thousand members and representing all the railways of America, decided to take the matter of education into its own hands and establish schools where boys might receive a training more conducive to good workmanship than that supplied by the state. The plan has been adopted, and the results are said to be satisfactory to all parties concerned.

The railways themselves are a direct outgrowth of industrialism. On account of increased production, manufacturers were faced at the beginning of the nineteenth century with the problem of rapid distribution. Then in 1825, George Stephenson ran the first steam locomotive over the Stockton and Darlington railway, and within

half a century lines of trade transportation had girdled the globe. As the vast inland spaces of the newer countries were opened up by the railway, population began to pour in and distributing centres were established at strategic points. Thus many of the great inland cities on this continent owe their prosperity not to their manufacturers, but to their special facilities as centres of distribution to large subsidiary areas of population.

This movement of population from the shore lines of the continent to the interior is one of the most important we have to deal with at the present time. Two other great movements have been touched upon, that from the country to the city, and the other from the home to the community. One yet remains to be considered, and, in some respects, it is the most difficult of all. This is the movement of peoples from countries of dense population to those that are sparsely settled. This is one of the most acute problems we have to deal with in Western Canada to-day, the problem of racial assimilation. Many of these strangers within our gates come from countries whose peoples have been bound down for centuries by ignorance, cruel social customs and unjust laws. Our task is to mould them into

good Canadian citizens, a task which is rendered still more difficult by the exigencies of the late war. Education will do much, but not all. The essential thing to remember is that we must win their confidence, and this can only be done by approaching them in a sympathetic spirit. To exploit them in the interests of any individual, corporation or party, is to commit a serious offence against the state, which should provide for every adult within its borders equality before the law and the opportunity of earning an honest livelihood. Here, if anywhere, there is need of social control.

But social control can only come through co-operation. Co-operation is the golden thread that has run through every stage of industrialism, bringing order out of chaos and stability out of anarchy. Division of labour would have been impossible without co-operation. Exchange of goods, distribution and the growth of commerce were all dependent upon co-operation. The same principle still holds. Individuals must co-operate with individuals to form a class. Why cannot a class co-operate with all other classes to form a social unity? No one class is alone essential or self-sufficient. Agriculture is sometimes called

the basic industry, but fuel and clothing are as necessary to conserve life in Western Canada as a well-filled granary. Practically every class in our complex society is now organized. For what purpose? Warfare? That has raged too long. If we do not begin to co-operate now, the late war will be succeeded by a social and economic war, the issues of which are too tremendous to contemplate. Only one thing will prevent it—class co-operation, and what is that but the Brotherhood of Man?

That is the ideal of democracy and democracy is on trial to-day. Through the tragedy of a great war, Christian civilization has been called upon to realize anew its lofty ideal of brotherhood. Is it too much to ask ourselves, ere it be too late, not how much this class will yield or how much that class will demand, but what is really just among brothers? If this gigantic struggle has not been in vain, the best energy of heart and mind must be thrown into the task of making this Christian conception a real power in the life of the world. And it is a Christian conception, "for democracy was born, not at Bunker Hill as Carlyle said, but in Bethlehem of Judea; and the promulgator of its principles, though called 'the Carpenter,' a

class name, by His enemies, called Himself by a name of far wider and deeper significance, even 'the Son of Man.'

III

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

The Need of Town Planning



III. THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

The Need of Town Planning

ACITY, like a house, a factory or a departmental store, should be built upon a definite plan. Some cities realize this at the beginning of their existence; others not so far-sighted discover the fact when it is almost too late. Many cities established for governmental, industrial or residential purposes, have been planned largely in advance of population, but as a rule, our cities after a few years of haphazard growth need to be replanned in order to provide properly for the future. The longer this is left the more expensive is the task, and one need not be a philosopher to enunciate the principle that the time to plan cities is in the making —construction is easier and more satisfactory than reconstruction.

Although cities may differ in character and situation there are some problems common to all, such as the circulation of traffic, the division of the city into separate parts to serve various pur-

poses, the approaches by water and rail, and the the need of recreation grounds.

The development of a great convenient and beautiful city is an ideal which has not only influenced the brightest minds of earlier times, but is one which is attracting the attention of the greatest thinkers in all civilized lands to-day. In America alone one could name dozens of cities now in the hands of civic planning commissioners. Cleveland, Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston and San Francisco are all working on the same problem of reconstruction, while the whole country is dotted with smaller cities from Rochester, New York, to Portland, Oregon, and from Ottawa, the Washington of the north, to Dallas, in the States' farthest south.

Perhaps the most signal instance of what has been done in the United States, is the city of Cleveland, which ten years ago began the work of transforming a hideous lake front and business centre of tumble down shacks into a civic centre which can now perhaps scarcely be surpassed. While Cleveland has quickly realized its ideals, it must not be taken for granted that a plan for constructing or re-arranging any part of a city

demands immediate execution. On the contrary it only indicates the lines on which the city should expand as its resources enable it to build or enlarge. What is impossible to-day is possible to-morrow, and in planning for the "City Beautiful" this lack of foresight has been the chief obstacle to confront the civic architect. In the earlier years of a city's growth it is natural that considerations of commerce and utility should alone prevail. As the business centre spreads, the residential sections are driven to other quarters, and new avenues of travel result. These movements occur again and again, and the city re-adjusts itself to the varying conditions as best it can. But lack of purpose and organization is always painfully apparent, and the haphazard manner of growth produces that confusion and disorder which is so evident in our large centres everywhere.

During the past few months full page advertisements of a Canadian industrial city have been appearing in the leading city advertising mediums in Great Britain and the United States respectively. And what city is this which is seeking to become the home of mighty industries? Why, none other than Ottawa, the beautiful,

upon which a million dollars have been spent during the last ten years. The Rideau canal driveway alone is worth a visit to the capital, and this is but one feature of a grand scheme of avenues, squares, driveways, bridges and parks. Art has been brought down from the clouds and has been made the yoke-mate of Industry.

Many of the cities of Europe teach us valuable lessons in city architecture. As a rule they consist of a number of concentric rings, the central and smallest ring enclosing the civic centre, from which boulevards radiate outward far into the country. The civic centre, as its name implies, is the hub of any civic plan, the culminating point of a scheme laid out to impress the stranger with an idea of the city's importance and taste.

Another point worth considering is the entrance to the city by water or rail. I have never forgotten my first view of the city of Seattle. As the train wound round a curve on its way westward, the city sprang into view, and through the gathering twilight Mount Ranier's snowy summit, bathed with the setting sun's last rays, glowed like a pillar of fire. Our prairie cities have no mountains to guard them, but that should only induce them to make their gateways so much the



more attractive. The incoming stranger should be welcomed, not repulsed by the station surroundings, and this is a point which at least one of our great railways has been aiming at in more than one city in the west.

A fourth problem common to all great cities is the need of parks and recreation grounds. These provide fresh air and sunshine and the opportunity for exercise which the character of modern cities and modern methods of living make imperative. John Nolen, the American city planner, says that at least ten per cent. of the city's area should be set aside for this purpose, and I am inclined to think that he is not claiming too much.

In the development of a park system the first and essential thing is to secure the land. Each succeeding year will render this more difficult, and the first step cannot be taken too soon. When the land has been secured for park purposes its improvement may if necessary, be left to the future. Twenty years ago it was the custom to turn a small space into a well groomed city square; now it is turned over to the children as a playground.



IV.

THE CANADIAN CLUB MOVEMENT

An Aid to Patriotism



IV. THE CANADIAN CLUB MOVEMENT

An Aid to Patriotism

TO know what is most really natural to man as a social being," says Frederic Harrison, "he must be looked at as he appears in a succession of ages. It is sheer presumption to attempt to remodel existing institutions without the least knowledge of how they were formed; to deal with social questions without a thought of how society arose; to construct a social creed without an idea of fifty creeds which have risen and vanished before. Nothing but a thorough knowledge of the social system, based upon a deep study of its growth, can give us the power we require to affect it. For this end we need one thing above all—we need history."

Accepting the principle here laid down as a cardinal doctrine of their faith, the Canadian Clubs throughout the Dominion seek to foster the spirit of patriotism by encouraging the study of the institutions, history and literature of the Canadian people. That in striving to carry out

work on the lines mentioned above, these organizations are rendering the country an important service, surely no one can doubt. As Joseph Howe said in one of his eloquent addresses: "A wise nation preserves its records, gathers up its muniments, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead, repairs its great structures, and fosters national pride and love of country by perpetual references to the sacrifices and glories of the past."

A few years ago, the writer was privileged to attend the conference of Canadian Clubs held in the city of Winnipeg, and one of the most interesting features of the conference was a description of the work of the various clubs given by their respective representatives. One form of activity common to all the clubs, was that of arranging for popular addresses on leading public questions from prominent local speakers or distinguished visitors. That this aspect of the work has a high educational value no one will be inclined to dispute. But beyond this, such activities were touched upon as the popularization of Dominion Day, the delivery of patriotic addresses to school children, the awarding of prizes for proficiency in Canadian history and

literature, the compilation of Indian legends and local chronicles, securing the due display of the national flag on public holidays, and contributing to the Battlefields Fund and to the cost of national monuments.

Perhaps the most profitable discussion that took place during the conference was that which arose out of the difficult question of assimilating the foreigner. The keynote of practically every address on the subject was that the solution of the problem would be found chiefly in the public school with compulsory education as an essential factor. Sir James Aikins, the present lieutenant-governor of Manitoba, attempted to prove from figures of population and immigration that the question was rather one of fusion than of assimilation. Mr. Sanford Evans, at that time mayor of Winnipeg, and known throughout the Dominion as one of the founders of the Canadian Club movement, said that unless there was something positive in Canadian character and nationality, Canadians were more likely to be fused than to fuse. They must, he maintained, build up national character and national ideas to such a degree that the foreign immigrant would freely trust the self-reliant, self-contained nation in which his lot was cast.

Some controversy arose during the discussion of what were, and what were not, proper questions for the Canadian Clubs to deal with. Indeed it became almost acute when the question of inter-provincial validity of judgments was under discussion, one delegate declaring that it was a subject that should not be considered by the conference. As the discussion was at that point shelved by a motion to adjourn the debate, the question of propriety, was thus left open.

From the details given above, it will be seen that the Canadian Clubs have a very elastic constitution, their common aim being one of patriotic endeavour. In pursuance of that aim it lies with each individual club to choose that form of work which it can perform most efficiently. To reach efficiency it is necessary that the club should be strongly organized and staunchly supported.

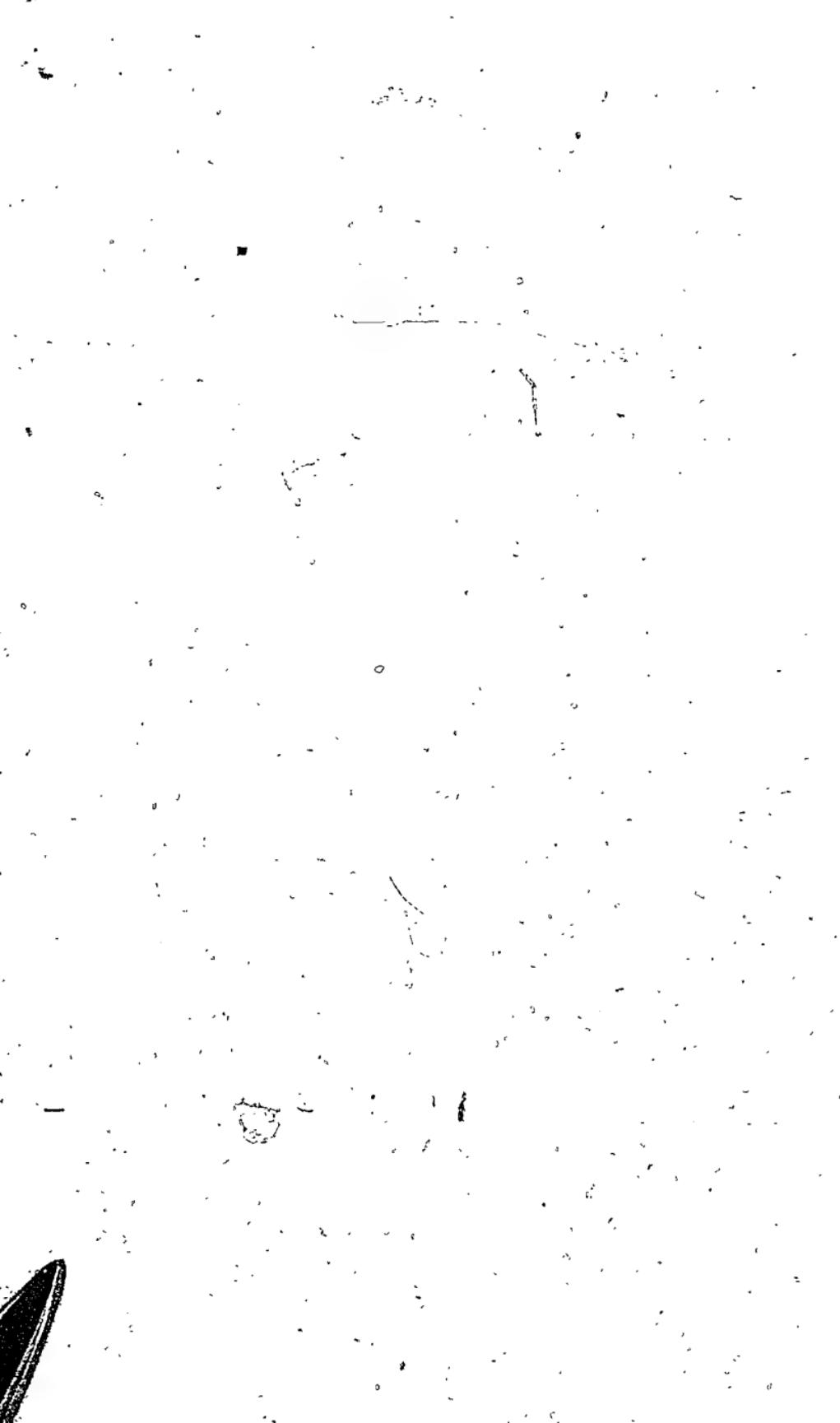
In the past, the movement has been chiefly restricted to our large cities, but this need not be. In the opinion of the writer, its work should be extended to the growing towns and smaller centres of settlement—wherever in fact, national character is being built up. The Canadian Clubs have undoubtedly done a good work in the

centres in which they have been founded; but their labours must be doubled and their activities trebled, if they are to realize their possibilities in the days to be. For twenty-five years these patriotic organizations have exerted a quiet and beneficent influence. What a record of achievement should be theirs in the twenty-five years to come!

V

A REAL NATIONALISM

The Value of a National Spirit



V. A REAL NATIONALISM

The Value of a National Spirit

"And a little child shall lead them."

IN words of glowing beauty and in measures of haunting melody, the prophet Isaiah paints the picture of a new nation, a redeemed Israel. Freed from a long and grieved captivity, the "children of promise" should foregather once more in land free from strife, a land of universal peace. There, "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them."

In a certain sense, the prophecy of the Hebrew seer is being fulfilled in this new land to-day, for Canada is a "child" among the nations. It is less than four centuries since she was first discovered, less than half a century since she became a real dominion. The history of this country, for all practical purposes, may be divided into three definite periods. First, we have the period of discovery, the day of the explorer. Next comes the

era of early settlement, the day of the pioneer. Then follows the period of responsible government, the day of the Canadian citizen.

The first period is chiefly concerned with the deeds of those adventurous discoverers and dauntless explorers who "Dared the unknown—led the way, and clutched the prize." Men like Cartier and Champlain, Marquette and La Salle; men like Samuel Hearne and Alexander Mackenzie, David Thompson and Simon Fraser; men like Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the seeker after the elusive North-west Passage.

But there are many whose names we do not know for they belonged to that great regiment which Kipling calls "the Legion that never was listed." Out they went from the motherland to the ends of the earth in response to the insistent "Call of the Wild." They left their bones to bleach by many a lonely river and on many a sandy shore, where no monument will ever be reared to mark their silent resting-place.

But hard on their trail came the sturdy pioneers—the men who cleared the bush and built the roads; the men who broke the soil, and sowed and reaped; the men who engaged in a life-long

struggle with the stubborn wilderness. Nor were there men alone! There were women, too, brave, true-hearted women who by making homes for their husbands in this new land laid deep and firm the foundations of that social structure of which we are so proud to-day.

Nor was the political structure forgotten. Some forty years ago, Lord Dufferin, one of our greatest governors, uttered these prophetic words: "Nestling at the feet of her majestic mother, Canada will, with confidence, dream her dream of the perpetuation for all time upon this continent of that temperate and well-balanced system of government, which combines in one mighty whole as the eternal possession of all Britons, the brilliant history and traditions of the past, with the freest and most untrammelled liberty of action in the future."

Though these words were uttered nearly half a century ago, it is only within recent years that we have begun to grasp their meaning, and to realize our destiny as a Canadian people. For several years after Confederation it might be said that our political future was somewhat of a problem. In the first place, there was the prospect of mere colonial dependence. Again, there was

much talk of annexation to the United States. Finally, there was a dream—a dream which, alas, still holds in its embrace a few Canadians to-day—the dream of an independent Canada.

But out of these theories and speculations Canadians, as a people, have come to realize that their highest destiny is wrapped up with that of the British Empire. And with this discovery has come to us the awakening of a national spirit. By "national spirit" I mean the spirit of the nation as a whole—not that of a mere section of our varied population—and it is our duty to foster this true national spirit in every legitimate way.

This will be no easy task. Canada is becoming—is already become—the melting-pot of the nations. There were forty-six nations represented in the army of Xerxes raised for the conquest of Greece, but every nation known to the modern geographer has made its contribution to our population during the past decade. Not only have they come to us from the cradle of our own race—from England, that "precious gem set in the silver sea"; from the hills and dales of gallant little Wales; from Erin's Isle, the land of song; and from Old Scotia, "land of brown heath

and shaggy wood"—but they have come to us from every nation under the canopy of heaven.

And if they have been coming to us in thousands in the past, they will come to us in tens of thousands after the war. Are we prepared for such a vast influx of immigration? To-morrow, Opportunity and Responsibility will knock at our doors. Are we prepared to receive and welcome them? I say it solemnly, yet I say it advisedly, that I do not believe there has been given to any people, in any age such a glorious, splendid and fascinating opportunity as is given to the people of the Dominion of Canada.

What then is our ideal? The prophet Isaiah had an ideal, and he described it in the glorious passage from which our text is taken. Plato had an ideal, and he pictured it in his "Ideal Republic." St. Augustine had an ideal, and he expressed it in his beautiful "City of God." And we, the builders of a new nation, must have an ideal before us in rearing on this continent the temple of a new civilization.

First, we shall be free. On all the public buildings of the capital of France, our true friend and faithful ally, we find inscribed these words: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Liberty must

be our corner stone. By liberty I do not mean lawlessness. The liberty I mean is the liberty that exists in a state where every man has a chance—where honest poverty is no crime—where birth is no barrier—where every true citizen, man or woman, is given an opportunity to exercise that citizenship to the fullest extent.

Again, there must be equality—equality before the law. Never must the poor law-breaker suffer and the rich criminal escape. There must be no privileged class in this new land of ours.

And there must be fraternity. One of the most painful sights to the visitor in older lands is the contrast between rich and poor, the great gulf separating high and low, the bitter antagonism between class and mass. Even here we may trace its evil influence, and we cannot destroy it too soon if we would make the Brotherhood of Man a living reality in the life of our nation.

In the second place, we shall be an enlightened people. The greatest nations have always given education a foremost place in the structure of the state, for there is nothing that can so quickly dispel the mists of superstition and prejudice as a liberal education. Wherever these two evils flourish to-day, you will find there a people

bound fast in the bonds and shackles of ignorance.

We have, it is true, started on the right path, but we still have much to learn. We must pay more attention to vocational training, and study the particular aptitudes of the various classes of students. The professions must not crowd out the trades. To-day there is many a writer who should be wielding a hammer instead of a pen—many a doctor who would be happier shoeing horses than writing prescriptions—many an artist starving in a garret who might earn a comfortable income by painting walls and ceilings. But the true conception of education will change all that. It will teach us to regard the skilled mechanic as a professional man no less than the skilful surgeon or the successful lawyer. All work will be noble if it be done well. No task will be menial. The teacher will, at last, come into his own. The farmer and the merchant will be co-workers and brothers. The artist, the scholar and the handicraftsman will labor in harmony together “and their work shall be glorious.”

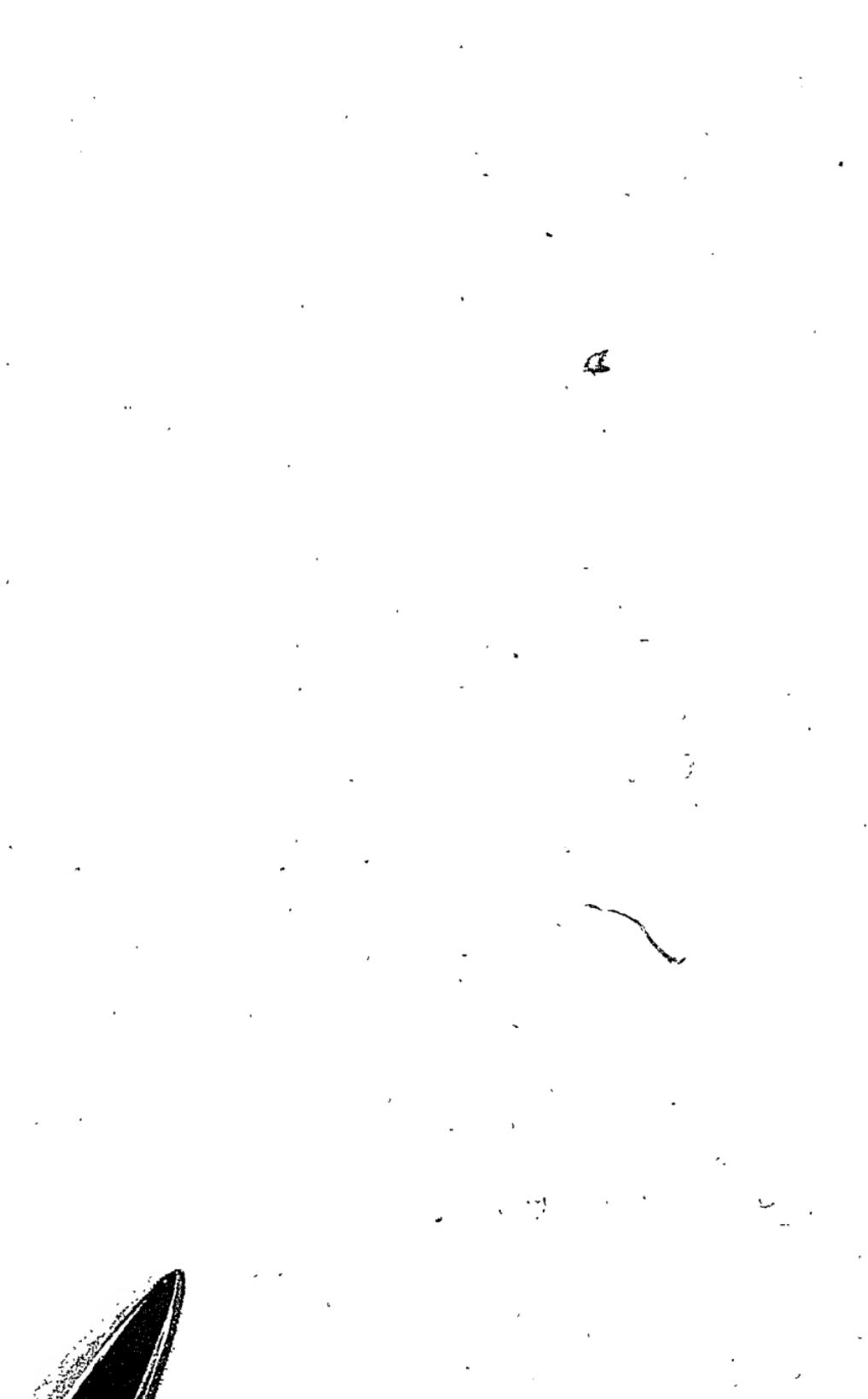
Finally, we shall be a God-fearing nation. It was only when the sacred sanctions of religion gave way that the nations of old sank to their

fall. Where there is no vision the people perish. And how shall we conserve our faith in the Unseen and Eternal? In only one way—by upholding the very pillars of our faith itself—the home, the school and the church. Out of the welter and chaos of the past, a new and better world will emerge if we but keep faith with those who sleep. 'Tis ours to grasp the torch and "carry on" by seeing to it that the freedom and justice for which they died shall be firmly established in the land they loved and left behind. Up, then, and onward!

"The dawn is drawing nigh
And we must raise our standard with the sun.
Buckle each strap, close up the ranks, and on,
On, with our colours, to a second war.
Thus shall our country stand, and men shall say
In years unborn, on many a distant field:
'The children of the King have passed this way.'"

"In the providence of God," said the late Archbishop Machray before a great church congress in the motherland, "I have been present at the birth of a nation." What God holds in store for this child among nations we are dimly beginning to see. But she must be found worthy; and

Canada can only play her part worthily when she has realized these three essential conditions—social enlightenment, political purity and national righteousness. To you and your children comes the call—and is it not the Call of the Highest—to make this new land not only a worthy part of the British Empire and the Commonwealth of Nations, but to make it that portion of God's earth where civilization shall reach its highest point.



VI

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS IN ALBERTA

Recent Progressive Legislation



VI. EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS IN ALBERTA

Recent Progressive Legislation

THE problem of education is undoubtedly the one that lies closest to-day to the fundamental principles of western civilization. Only out of an educated electorate can come wise and strong leadership, and that province is wise which makes liberal provision for its public schools. The improvement of the educational system must, of necessity, proceed by definite stages; and nowhere have these stages been more clearly defined during the past year than in the Province of Alberta.

One of the first official acts of the Hon. George P. Smith, on being appointed minister of education in the summer of 1918, was to institute a thorough inspection of the private schools of the province. This was an entirely new departure, and the results are already becoming apparent. Every school in Alberta must conform to the regulations laid down by the Department, and a thorough system of training is rigidly insisted upon.

The new minister, on assuming the reins of office, had at once to face the difficult question of establishing schools among the Mennonite settlers. Arrangements had been completed for eleven colonies of these newcomers to make their homes in Alberta, and the school question was one which required more than ordinary tact and diplomacy on the part of the educational authorities. School districts were established, inspectors were appointed official trustees, and returned soldiers of known teaching ability were placed in charge of the schools. The results have been highly satisfactory. The registered attendance in these Mennonite schools has been 98 per cent., the highest record attained by any educational institution in Alberta.

In the schools among non-English-speaking settlers the Provincial School Act has been carried out to the letter. Thus while the question of the education of the immigrant in the language of his adopted country is one which is causing grave uneasiness in some parts of the Dominion, in Alberta the problem has been solved by making English the medium of instruction. No teacher is given charge of one of these schools until he has received training at a provincial

normal school. To more adequately prepare teachers for their task among new Canadians, a special course has been provided at the annual summer school. This course consists of special methods for teaching English, as well as short courses in history, music, organized play, nature study and the manual arts. The course is under the direction of men who understand the problem, and who are vitally interested in seeing that these schools are well staffed. To interest teachers other than those now in charge of such schools, the Department of Education offers a subsistence allowance sufficient to cover the cost of board and lodging throughout two whole sessions.

The summer school has been one of the most popular features of the teacher training program, and three hundred and forty-five teachers attended the session for 1919. Perhaps the most important forward step in this vital matter of teacher training has been the extension of the normal school course from four to eight months. Some time ago the educational authorities of the four western provinces came to an agreement in the matter of teachers' certificates, and at a conference held in Edmonton in May, 1919, it was

arranged that the minimum period of training should be thirty-three weeks.

In order that the schools of Alberta may not suffer from a dearth of teachers through the lengthening of the normal school course, the government has announced that it will advance loans to students who desire to take the teachers' course. No greater tribute could be paid to the great cause of education. The policy of the state lending money for such a purpose is an absolutely new departure, but it will be generally agreed that public funds could not be spent in a better way. Though on the face of it this policy appears to be a particularly bold one, it may be defended on several grounds. In the first place it will furnish an adequate supply of teachers; secondly, it will ensure a high standard of teacher training; and thirdly, it will open the way to many young people who would be deterred from entering the teaching profession on account of the increased expense incurred in taking the eight months' course. In this matter Alberta has blazed an entirely new trail which other provinces might do well to follow.

During the past four or five years considerable stress has been laid upon technical education in

the larger centres. To extend facilities for the teaching of technical subjects in the smaller town schools, a policy of co-operation has been adopted whereby the government will assist town schools in providing proper instruction and equipment for classes in household economics, manual training and commercial work. Provision has also been made for the extension of this type of teaching to village and consolidated schools.

During the past year, the Department has been very active in encouraging the erection of two-roomed schools in rural districts. At first there was some opposition to this movement on the part of those who favoured consolidated schools. Each, however, is evolved from a different set of conditions. Consolidated schools are formed because there are too few children in the district, while two-roomed schools are established because there are too many children for one room.

Alberta's policy in the matter of consolidated schools has more than justified itself during the past twelve months. It is recognized in all progressive countries, and particularly in new countries where the institutions have not become crystallized and static, that the single district

school does not give either the educational or general social service which the modern school should give in the rural community. On this account, the legislation of the department has been framed to make possible the centralization of these services in one well equipped building where every school grade is provided for, and where community ideals may be inculcated.

The new "Consolidated School Act" is one of the finest pieces of legislation ever enacted. All grounds for dispute between town and country districts have been totally eliminated. Some new features of the act will make this clear. Where several rural districts decide to consolidate, a vote is taken on the question by ballot at some central place. If the vote carries, the matter is brought before the school board of the town—a town is usually selected as the centre—and is, as a general rule, accepted because the town stands to gain in many ways from such consolidation. If, however, the town school board should not agree to the proposal, the ratepayers may petition the board for a vote on the question two weeks later, and in this way the matter is finally adjusted.

"This act," said the minister of education, in

the course of a speech in the legislature, last session, "will solve the rural school problem, which is the greatest problem any country has to face. The questions of attendance, proper grading, expense, provision of high school facilities, the Canadianization of the foreigner, and the training for citizenship can only be solved in one way, and that is by the government concentrating its attention on the problem of the rural school."

The Department's plan of building residences for teachers in rural communities is also helping to solve this difficult problem. These model dwellings, which are erected on five acre plots adjacent to, but not included in the school grounds, are proving especially attractive to married men, and must conduce to a longer tenure of office on the part of the rural teacher.

But the higher institutions of learning have been in no wise neglected. Leading educators have always held that the high school should be the dominant factor in shaping the great mass of public opinion in any democracy. Accepting this principle as the basis of its policy in the matter of secondary education, the Department has in every way tried to encourage attendance wherever there are facilities for high school work. No fees

are charged outside students for attendance at any secondary school in Alberta. More than this, the provincial government gives a special grant of \$300—above the ordinary grant of \$300 per room—to every room with a class of six or more where high school work is done, no matter whether the work is carried on in an ordinary high school, the upper room of a consolidated school, or the senior room of a two-roomed school.

This piece of legislation may almost be described as epoch making in the history of higher education. It not only removes the handicap hitherto placed on country students, but it will double and, in time, treble the number of centres where high school work will be taught. It will open the door to thousands of boys and girls who would otherwise have to content themselves with an elementary education, and it will provide material for one of the best teaching forces in the world. If, in the past year, the Department of Education had done no more than this, it would be deserving of the thanks of an appreciative public.

But a great deal more has been done. The government grants to schools have been almost

doubled; the number of inspectors has been increased from twenty-five to thirty-five; special concessions have been made to returned soldiers; and steps are now being taken to provide night schools in rural communities. Specifications have been drawn up for a new normal school and an institute of technology at Calgary, and a home for the feeble-minded at Edmonton. The whole matter of revision of the present curriculum is now under consideration, and it is believed that changes of a radical and far-reaching character will be announced at an early date.

It is to be hoped that this latter step will be in line with the progressive policy pursued by the Department of Education in the various spheres of activity already touched upon. The true teacher enters upon his task in the spirit of the missionary, not looking on his profession chiefly as a means of gaining a livelihood, but as a means of teaching others how to live. From the day he takes up his life work until the moment he is called upon to lay it down, he is increasingly conscious that he is not only the master of a school, but that he is, in Thring's great phrase, "a master in the kingdom of life." That being the case, we must give him at least a living wage.

The teaching class, now so underpaid, is our main barrier against the menace of anarchy on the one hand, and the menace of profiteering on the other. The educational labourer, more than most labourers, is worthy of his hire, and that government is wise which employs every legitimate means to make the teaching profession an especially attractive one.

VII

“MANNERS MAKYTH MAN”

Courtesy a National Asset



VII. "MANNERS MAKYTH MAN"

Courtesy a National Asset

IN the true and ultimate democracy every man will be a gentleman—not a gentleman in the nominal sense of possessing certain qualifications as to birth or fortune—but as the possessor of certain innate qualities which proclaim his right to that grand old name. He will consider the feelings of others, not as a matter of policy, but because he really feels for others. Like Sir Walter Scott he will treat every man with whom he comes into contact as if he were his "own blood relation," because deep down in his heart is rooted and grounded an unshaken faith in the real brotherhood of man. That is why "manners," in the new era, will mean more and count for more than they did in the old. Just now we find it somewhat difficult to adjust ourselves. We stand between two worlds; one dead, the other waiting to be born. We stand in an open place between the going out of aristocratic or feudal habits and the coming in of a culture and behaviour based on equality and mutual respect.

Yet there was a great deal in the old culture that we would do well to preserve, and the stress that was laid upon "character" in the education of the English boy has left an indelible imprint upon the nation as a whole. The English public school system may have had its faults, but it fostered a splendid type of virile manhood, and that contribution to civilization must never be lost sight of in these later days.

Neither "Tom Brown," the hero of the immortal classic of that name, nor his father cared much for education properly so called. Tom's father asks himself: "Shall I tell my boy to mind his work and say he's sent to school to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school for that—at any rate, for that mainly. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman—and a gentleman—and a Christian—that's all I want."

And Tom says, at the close of his career at Rugby: "I want to leave behind me the name of a fellow who never bullied a little boy, nor turned his back on a big one."

There in a nutshell, we have the ideal of public school education, an ideal embodied in the quaint motto of Winchester College, "Manners

Makyth Man." The word "manners" here has a broader connotation than we usually give it, but the less is included in the greater, and perhaps no better definition can be given than that of Sir Philip Sidney: "High though seated in a heart of courtesy."

One of the finest speeches on manners—using the word in its modern sense—that the writer ever heard was that given a few years ago at Guildford Grammar School by Lord Roseberry, who, as an orator, touches nothing that he does not adorn. Manners, he said, have an enormous commercial value, and no one could have lived as long as he had without noting the value of manners in the ordinary transactions of life. If three boys were applying for a situation, one might be a marvel of learning, another might be shrewd and practical, while the third might not have the ability of either, but if he had good manners, the chances would be ten to one in his favour. In closing, he asked every boy there, even if he forgot everything else that had been said, to bear in mind the importance of good manners. All through his life it would give him a value difficult to compute and a start over other boys who neither tried to be nor were well mannered.

Germany has shown to all the world how a nation's character may be moulded in its national schools. Would it not be well for us to remember that to the three R's of our school curriculum a fourth should be added—respect—without which no education is complete. Good manners are a sign of charity to our fellowmen, the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, and Sir Walter Raleigh's act of courtesy in spreading his cloak for the feet of Queen Elizabeth has been paralleled in our own day by the little newsboy who spread his newspapers across the muddy pavement that Madame Melba might walk from her carriage to the stage-door dryshod. The blackboard of every school in Canada might well be adorned with the motto of the great public school founded by William of Wykeham, "Manners Maketh man."

Good manners are not only a part of our duty to our neighbour, but a sign of self-respect. They signify strength, not weakness, and the man who sincerely respects himself is always well mannered in his treatment of others. Though the age of chivalry has given way to that of modern democracy, we cannot afford to dispense with the thought embodied in a phrase which is reminis-

cent of all that is best and most generous in English public school life, "Noblesse oblige."

Dr. Parkin, when in Canada a few weeks ago, said that before he left England he dined with a number of American Rhodes scholars at Oxford. He asked them what impressed them most in English university life. The answer was this: "Since coming here we have never met a man who would rather win a game unfairly than lose it fairly."

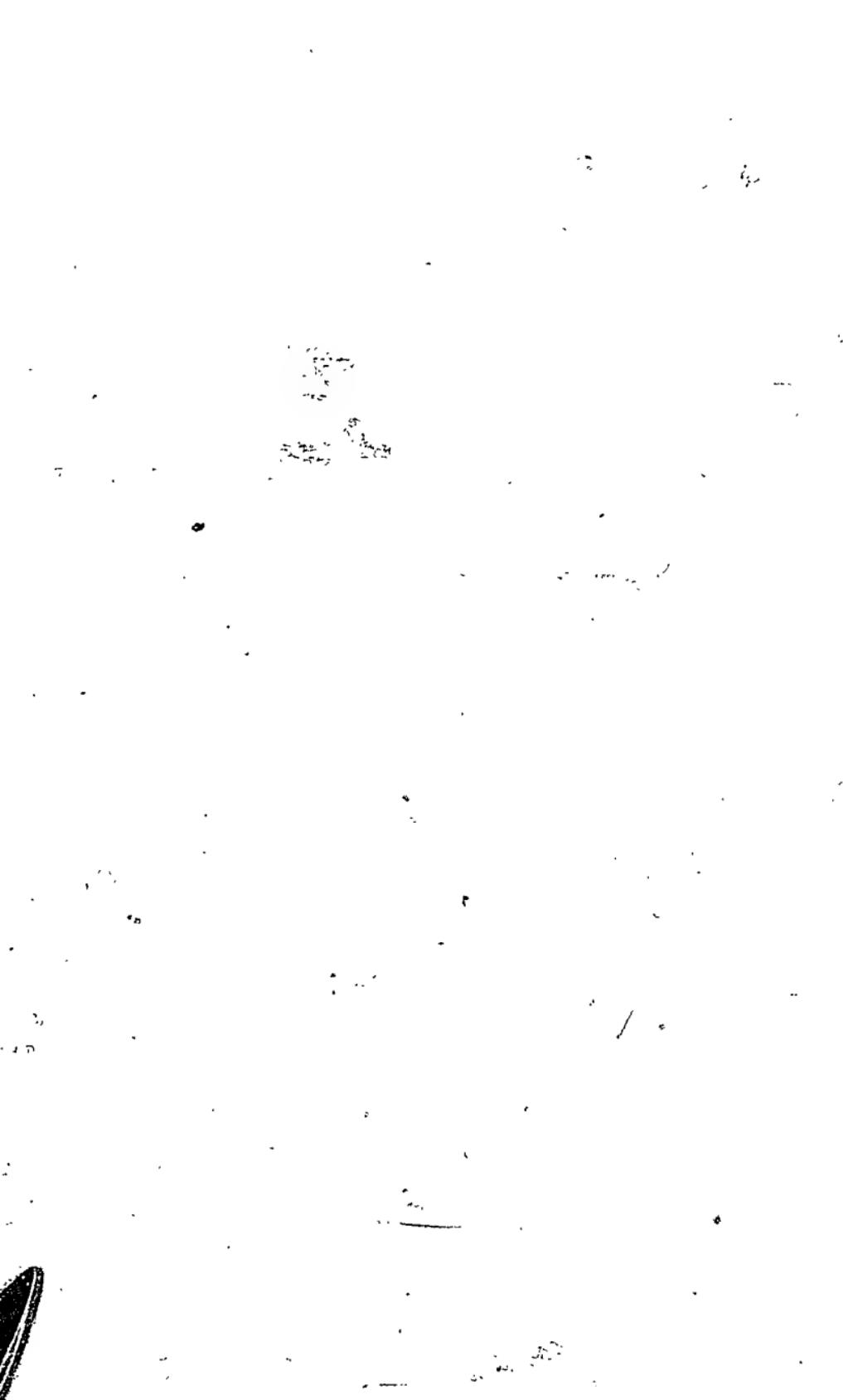
That was a magnificent tribute, and in the great struggle in which American and Briton fought shoulder to shoulder, perhaps the New World may have learnt something from the Old. Public school and university traditions may perish; the old-fashioned culture may wither and die away; the science of rowing and cricket may be buried in Flanders' fields; but the ancient public schools will have taught their alumni—and let us hope, generations yet to come—this one great lesson—to play the game and to play it fairly.



VIII

THE KHAKI UNIVERSITY

Canada's War-Time Child



VIII. THE KHAKI UNIVERSITY OF CANADA

Canada's War-Time Child

ACCORDING to classical mythology, Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, sprang full panoplied from the brain of puissant Jove. A modern parallel to this story of antiquity is found in the brief history of the Khaki University which, born on the bloody battle-fields of Europe, may nevertheless be regarded as a true daughter of the Dominion of Canada. Like Minerva, this brain-child of the Canadian Army, was born to sudden responsibility, and the sober official record of the work accomplished during the closing months of the war reads like a modern account of the labours of Hercules.

When Dr. H. M. Tory, President of the University of Alberta, visited England and the Western Front on behalf of the Y.M.C.A., in 1917, he was forcibly struck by the great number of student soldiers who had responded to the Empire's call. As an educationist he realized that these young men, with hearts thrilled by the

sound of the bugle, would find it exceedingly difficult to return to their books when the war was over. Could not something therefore be done to bridge the gap between war times and peace, something that would keep these men in touch with their studies, especially during the trying and stressful period of demobilization?

It was also apparent from the first, that there lay here in the army areas of England and France, an unique and unparalleled opportunity for elementary and industrial education among non-university men. Many of the soldiers could barely read and write, and the meaning and significance of education had never been brought home to them. If these men could be induced to interest themselves in national and industrial problems while overseas, the effect would make itself felt at once on their return to Canada. They would give heartier support to all movements for social betterment, and would thus leaven the communities in which they lived with a desire for wholesome progress.

Other educationists were interested in the problem, and indeed here and there attempts had been made to convert thought into action. Dr. Tory immediately saw, however, that the work

must be organized on much broader lines if the end in view was to be really achieved. After several conferences a general plan was drawn up and placed before the demobilization board. Permission was obtained from the military authorities to put this plan into effect, and for some time the work was carried on in an unofficial way.

Then in September, 1918, an Order-in-Council was passed which gave the movement an official authorization, and the Khaki University became a branch of the overseas military forces of Canada, with the following officers in control: Director, Col. H. M. Tory; deputy director, Lieut.-Col. Adams; assistant director for France, Lieut.-Col. Oliver; assistant director for England, Major Gill. About two hundred and forty instructors composed the teaching staff, this number being increased to eight hundred after the signing of the armistice.

The general scheme as outlined in the original proposals to the demobilization board was, in the main, strictly adhered to. There were five chief departments, these being as follows: An educational centre for higher work; elementary and industrial education; extension department; the

attendance of special students at British universities; and a library department. During the period of waiting before the final authority was given, it was found necessary to assist large numbers of men by means of books and organized courses of study. To meet this need a correspondence department was established and placed under the direction of Major Weir.

The work in France, under the assistant director, was divided into four large administrative units: Canadian corps, hospitals, forestry, and railway troops. In England, however, the organization was carried on with the individual camps as administrative units, the general plan being to create elementary schools in every small unit in the army, and colleges wherever there was sufficient concentration to bring together men of a more advanced type of education. In England, the large camps which were capable of holding from 10,000 to 20,000 men, were selected as college areas, and there were nineteen of these in operation in the British Isles.

In order to give men who desired higher work proper facilities for study, a concentration camp was set up at Ripon, this camp being known as the Canadian Khaki University unit. Here some

seven hundred men took courses in arts, engineering, agriculture, medicine, pharmacy, law and theology. As these courses did not extend beyond the second year of the ordinary university course, a number of men of higher standing were permitted to attend the British universities. About three hundred and fifty took advantage of this privilege.

The extension department, which acted as a co-ordinating agency between the various units, was one of the first to be organized. Captain Ottewell was at the head of this department, and associated with him were a number of lecturers who dealt with such matters as reconstruction, co-operation, British Empire problems, Canadian history and citizenship. These lecturers worked in the various camps in France and England. They also visited the hospitals, and by means of lantern lectures, showed what was being done by the Invalid Soldiers' Commission for wounded men returning to Canada.

In the early days of the movement great difficulty was experienced in getting books, but after the armistice this was largely overcome by the energy of Captain Gilmour, who took with him to France fifteen tons of books and pamphlets.

Another twenty tons were sent in by mail. Altogether, some 250,000 books, and at least 1,500,000 pamphlets were used in connection with the work of the Khaki University.

To secure adequate accommodation for teaching purposes, hutments were built in several of the large camps in England, as for instance, at Witley and Bramshott. At Seaford and Epsom, suitable buildings were secured on a rental basis. During the period of demobilization, the Y.M.C.A. huts in all the areas were made available for work during the day, and recreation rooms in the lines of the various units were also secured.

Teachers in the battalion schools in England were selected as far as possible from the units, and in France wholly so. For the area colleges, they were taken from the various units as required. In the concentration camp at Ripon the instructors were drawn from the army as a whole, the heads of the departments in every case being experienced university men. More than 50,000 soldiers have received class instruction since the University was organized, and since the beginning of 1918-nearly fifteen hundred extension lectures have been given.

The last interim report of the director draws

attention to some of the difficulties that have had to be overcome in making the work a success. In spite of these difficulties, however, the Khaki University has fully achieved the ends for which it was brought into existence and begun a movement which, many believe, will have lasting significance. Its influence has spread not only to the British Army groups—the Imperial, Australian, New Zealand and South African forces—but also to the armies of foreign countries. Some, indeed, go so far as to say that the initiative now being taken by the British and American armies will result in every country of the civilized world having an educational corps as an integral part of its regular army organization. And in this work, let us not forget, Canada has been the pioneer.



IX

ON ENGLISH EPITAPHS

A Mirror of British History

IX. ON ENGLISH EPITAPHS

A Mirror of British History

"Let's talk of worms and graves and epitaphs;
Let dust our paper be, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth."

—Shakespeare.

THE desire to be remembered is a natural instinct, and epitaphs are as old as history itself. In ancient Egypt such inscriptions were written not only on stately obelisks and monuments, but also on the sarcophagi or coffins of the dead. Those that have been deciphered usually take the form of a prayer addressed to Osiris or Anubis on behalf of the deceased, whose name, office and descent are specified.

Among the Romans the epitaphs took the form of a bare record written on the urn containing the ashes of the dead. The memorial was brief and pointed, and, as the urns in the British Museum show, the language seldom varied from the stereotyped form. The Greeks, however, permitted considerable variety, and the inscription in one case might take the form of a glowing panegyric, while in another it might be com-

pressed into a two-lined epigram such as that written in memory of the heroes of Thermopylæ:

“Go, tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.”

In England such inscriptions date back to the Roman occupation, and were then, of course, written in the Latin tongue. Indeed, we may say that the use of Latin for this purpose has never become wholly obsolete, though it was never much in evidence after the middle ages. In regard to form, English epitaphs exhibit the widest divergence, ranging from the loftiest pathos to the coarsest and crudest buffoonery.

It has been said that the important epochs of a nation's history are mirrored in its language, and a striking illustration of the theory may be found in these “sermons in stones.” Changes in church and state, changes in doctrine, morals and national policy—all these are reflected in the language of inscriptions still to be found in many an English churchyard.

During the Renaissance, English literature burst into flower, and even the epitaph took on a more florid form. An example of this is found in the following inscription discovered by the

writer in an old parish church in Sussex. The epitaph comprises two stanzas, the first inspired by the spell of the New Learning, the second breathing all the hope and trust of a Christian hymn. The lines are engraved on a brass plate over the tomb of a boy who died in the year 1533.

“Great Jove has lost his Ganymede, I know,
Which made him seek another here below;
And finding none, not one like unto this,
Hath ta'en him hence into eternal bliss.

Cease, then, for thy dear Meneleb to weep—
God’s darlingle was too good for thee to keep;
But rather joye in this great favour given.
A little child is made a saint in heaven.”

It is strange, to put it mildly, that in the very presence of death, the comic and the ludicrous should find a prominent place. Yet it is so, and though in many cases the humour may be unintentional, the quaint language will provoke a smile nevertheless. Here is an example in point:

“To the memory of Ric. Richards who by gangrene lost first a toe, afterwards a leg, and lastly his life on the 7th of April, 1656.

“Ah! cruel Death, to make three meals of one,
To taste and taste till all was gone.
But now, thou Tyrant, when the trumpe shall call,
He’ll find his feet and stand when thou shalt fall.”

It is quite common to find some reference to the particular calling of the deceased deftly woven into the text of the epitaph and a notable instance of this is seen on the slab of a tomb in Selby Abbey, erected to the memory of

"John Johnson, Master Mariner, 1737.
Tho' Boreas, with his blustering blast
Has lost me to and fro,
Yet by the handiwork of God
I'm here enclosed below.
And in this silent bay I lie,
With many of our fleet.
Until the day I set my sail
My Admiral Christ to meet."

Acrostics, anagrams, rebuses and puzzles are frequently met with, and doubtless the mourning relatives believed that in this way they were paying a high mark of respect to the memory of the deceased. One might give numerous examples, but to what good end? Surely here, if anywhere upon earth, true reverence and simplicity should be found. No skilful conceit can ever take the place of a short text from Scripture, even though it be as pointed and direct as that quaint epitaph written in the form of an acknowledgment from the Great Mother who will one day clasp us all to her bosom—

"Received of Philip Harding his borrowed earth.—
July 4th, 1673."

Could anything be simpler than those wooden crosses in France and Flanders' fields? Yet how much they mean to us! To Britons everywhere and in every epoch those mute memorials erected over the graves of the legions of young dead will be a constant inspiration to high endeavour. The green churchyards of England can show nothing worthier, for those rows of wooden crosses are planted in England's bravest dust. What shall be their epitaph? If at any future date, one should be considered necessary, surely none is so fitting as that great sentence of the Son of Man into whose face they looked up and smiled—"Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends." Bound together in a great brotherhood, all caste distinctions are laid aside; none is greatest and none is least. There, the cross, the symbol of sacrifice, is epitaph enough for all who have made the sacrifice supreme.

"The men who die for England don't need it rubbing in;
An automatic stamper and a narrow strip of tin
Record their date and regiment, their number and their
name—
And the squire who dies for England is treated just the
same.

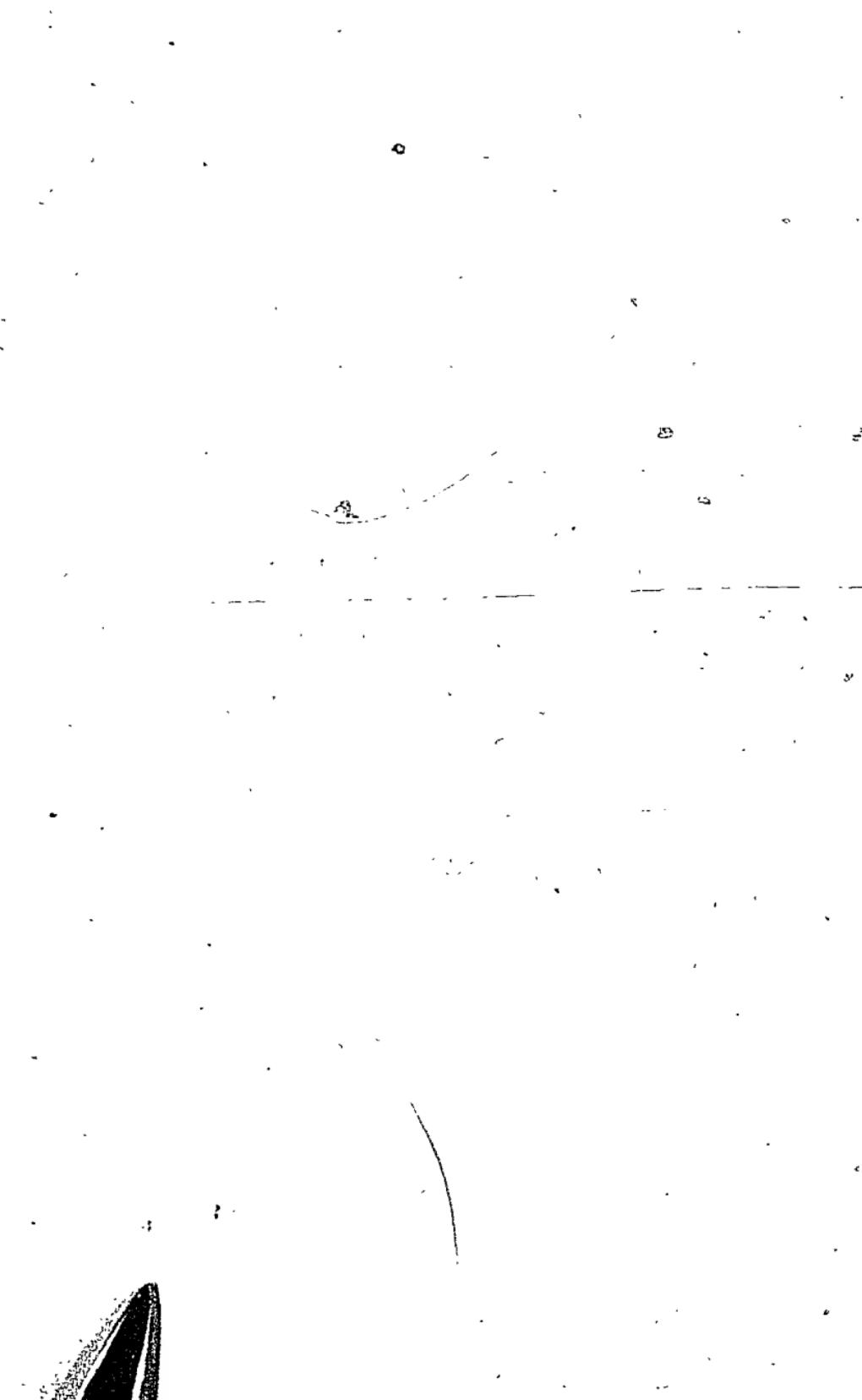
So stand the battalions; alert, austere, serene;
Each with his just allowance of brown earth shot with
green;
None better than his neighbour in pomp or circum-
stance—
All beads upon the rosary that turned the fate of France.

The brightest gems of valour in the army's diadem
Are the V.C. and the D.S.O., M.C. and D.C.M.,
But those who live to wear them will tell you they are
dross
Beside the final honour of a simple wooden cross."

X

THE ROSE IN SONG

A Fragrant Memory from World History



X. THE ROSE IN SONG

A Fragrant Memory from World History

OUR attention has been called to the rose, the queen of flowers, by two recent events, St. George's Day in April and Hospital Day in May. June has come and the gardens are green, but the lovely rose delays her approach. Let us therefore go to meet her, not to the hot-house with its tropical atmosphere, but to the poet's shelf from which comes the scent of rare rose-gardens the wide world over.

The rose has always been the poet's favourite, and the reason is obvious. Colour, form and perfume combine to make it a matchless trinity of attractiveness, and in every age its praises have been sung. To the ancients it symbolized the joy of life, and Ovid gives us a picture of tables, "Covered with fresh roses strewn." Horace mentions the rose in many of his odes, and doubtless more than one reader will remember the lines:

"Bid them bring thee wine and perfumes
And the blooms of the pleasant rose."

It is, however, as the symbol of human passion that the rose is most familiar to readers, and many will recall the words of that old, sweet song:

"My love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O, my love is like the melody
That's sweetly played in June."

And who can forget the delicate tribute old Edmund Waller pays to the queen of flowers:

"Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee
How sweet and fair she seems to be."

What a pretty conceit, too, is that little stanza of Swinburne's in which he portrays the close relationship of flower and leaf:

"If love were what the rose is
And I were like the leaf.
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather.
Blown fields or flowerful glades.
Green pleasure or gray grief:
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf."

The rose has been long associated with the nightingale, the lover's feathered favourite, no doubt because both appear at the same season of the year.

"Some find love late, some find him soon,
Some with the rose in May;
Some with the nightingale in June,
And some when the skies are gray."

The same thought is expressed by another singer. His phrase, "the secret bird," refers to the shy, wild songstress of the night:

"I hid my heart in a nest of roses
Out of the sun's way, hidden apart.
It is softer bed than the soft white snow is:
Under the roses I hid in my heart."

Why did it shudder, why did it start?
When never a leaf in the rose trees stirred?
What made sleep flutter his wings and part?
Only the song of the secret bird."

But though many poets see in the rose a living symbol of joy and passion, to as many others it typifies life's shortness and the mutability of all things temporal.

"The rainbow comes and goes
And lovely is the rose."

Wordsworth sings, and the fragrant flower no less than the bright-hued crescent speaks to him of the vanishing of all things earthly.

Robert Herrick, that blithe cassocked semi-pagan who had tears for the short-lived daffodil, warns us also of the fate of the lovely rose:

“This same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.”

His contemporary and fellow cleric, the saintly George Herbert, points the same moral—

“Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.”

Matthew Arnold, the gifted son of another great cleric, strikes a similar note of melancholy in the well-known lines:

“Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew.”

And it is this recurring note of sadness which most closely touches our heartstrings to-day. The joy of life and the most tender, breathing passion are alike overshadowed by the ever-present sense of death's nearness. Let me close,

then, this most imperfect sketch with a poignant little lyric which I have found hidden away in an old scrap-book. It is entitled "Sundial and Roses," both of which symbolize the swift passing of time. It strikes a note of deepest melancholy, yet none of despair, and in that lies our hope for the future.

"O life! O time! O days that die!
O days that live from year to year!
We stood together, she and I,
Here, there and here.

She plucked a rose with tender care,
Brooding, she panted o'er the flower;
The sunlight touched her golden hair
And marked the hour.

Our hearts were hushed, our spirits quelled,
What recked we how the dial gleamed?
I gazed into her eyes. She held
The rose and dreamed.

O life! O time! O days divine!
O dreams that keep the soul astir!
That hour eternity was mine,
Looking at her.

This is the place, I wander slow;
Dark are the shades of shrub and tree;
The dial stands, the roses blow,
But where is she?

O life! O time! O buds and flowers!
O withering leaves upon the bough!
I fear she measures not the hours
With roses now.

The sun-clock stands, the season goes;
All changeth, nothing dieth here;
Nay, all reneweth like the rose
From year to year.

The dial stands, the dark days roll;
From year to year the roses spring;
Eternity is in my soul
Remembering."

XI

THE NIGHTINGALE IN SONG
A Brief History of English Poetry



XI. THE NIGHTINGALE IN SONG

A Brief History of English Poetry

IT was in the heart of the Sussex Downs, in a little thicket shot through with arrowy moonbeams and wet with the dew of a midsummer night, that I heard her first, shy Philomel, the poet's feathered favourite. Midsummer has come and gone, but for me the song of the nightingale must be a memory and nothing more. Between my study and the Downs is a great gulf fixed, so I turn to the poet's shelf hoping there to catch a distant echo of the sweet strains that haunt me still!

“Long ago
The praises of the nightingale were
Sung by the morning star of song, who made
His music heard below;
Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.”

References to the nightingale are met with in all the early English poets, but in Chaucer these often occur in the most unexpected places, and

readers of the "Prologue" will remember the lines describing one of the Canterbury pilgrims:

"By nightertale
He slept no more than doth a nightingale."

It is not, however, until "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" that the nightingale fully comes into her own in the realms of song. Shakespeare mentions the little brown bird no less than ten times in his plays, and one of the most beautiful of these passages is the "Fairies' Song," in Act II. of "Midsummer Night's Dream":

"Philomel with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm.
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So good night with lullaby."

How gracefully in "Romeo and Juliet" does the great dramatist couple the names of the skylark and the nightingale, the singer of the morn and the songstress of the night—

Jul.—"Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day,
It was the nightingale and not the lark
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree;
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale."

In non-dramatic poetry there are no names between Shakespeare and Milton that stand out with any special prominence, though lyrical poems abound. Exquisite are the lays of Robert Herrick. Quaint and musical also, are the verses of the saintly Herbert. Nor must we omit the name of Sir Henry Wotton who, in a poem dedicated to his mistress, pays the following delicate tribute to the subject of our sketch:

“Ye ourlous chanters of the wood
That warble forth Dame Nature’s lays,
Thinking your passion’s understood
By your weak accents; what’s your praise
When Philomel her voice doth raise?”

The nightingale is an especial favourite of Milton’s, no doubt because she, like himself—

“Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note.”

How beautiful is his “Sonnet,” written in her honour!—

“O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover’s heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.”

Many readers will recall that she is marked out for special distinction in the poet's beautiful description of evening in Bk. IV. of "Paradise Lost"—

"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale,
She, all night long, her amorous descant sung."

After "Paradise Lost" there was, for many years, no poetic masterpiece of true creative imagination. In the eighteenth century we find no such sublime outbursts of song as characterize the Elizabethan and Puritan ages, and for a time classicism reigns supreme. Then comes a revival. Wordsworth writes his "Lyrical Ballads" and the mystic, Coleridge, dreams of birds and trees and flowers. Shelley in a glorious burst of melody chants a pæan to the skylark; and Keats in an ode which for simple, sensuous beauty has seldom, if ever, been surpassed, pays reverent homage to the nightingale. Would that I could quote it in full!

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears among the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn."

A flawless gem like this almost inclines one to credit the legend recorded in Ford's play, "The Lover's Melancholy," where a nightingale drops dead in endeavouring to imitate the lute-like notes of a poet-musician. Mrs. Browning makes use of a similar conceit in "The Poet and the Bird," and as her little poem brings us down to modern times, it may serve as a fitting close to a somewhat brief and imperfect causerie.

"Said a people to a poet, "Go out from among us straight-way!
While we are thinking earthly things, thou singest of divine:
There's a little, fair, brown nightingale, who, sitting in the gateway,
Makes fitter music to our ear than any song of thine!"

The poet went out weeping; the nightingale ceased
chanting:

'Now wherefore, O thou nightingale, is all thy sweet-
ness done?"

'I cannot sing my earthly things the heavenly poet
wanting,

Whose highest harmony includes the lowest under
sun.'

'The poet went out weeping, and died abroad, bereft there;

The bird flew to his grave and died amid a thousand
wails;

And when I last came by the place, I swear the music
left there

Was only of the poet's song, and not the nightingale's."

XII

THE SOCKEYE'S SWAN-SONG

A Plea for Conservation



III. THE SOCKEYE'S SWAN-SONG

A Plea for Conservation

POETS tell us that the swan, when about to die, sings a song of surpassing sweetness.

Thus in his "Passing of Arthur" Tennyson, in describing the departure of the dying King's barge for the island-valley of Avilion, makes use of this beautiful simile:

"Like some full-breasted swan
That, flitting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure, cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarting webs."

Do we not seem to catch, in certain reports recently issued, the first low notes of the swan-song of Canada's most celebrated food-fish, the sockeye? The Fraser, once the greatest salmon producing river in the world, is now almost barren because remedial measures were not taken sooner to prevent wanton depletion of the annual sockeye run. What has happened to the buffalo is in imminent danger of happening to the sockeye unless the Canadian authorities immediately secure the co-operation of the United States in saving

this valuable food-fish from utter extermination. Unless, I repeat, this is done at once, the little sketch given below will soon be a mere "tale that is told," instead of being what it is meant to be—the story of an annual event.

* * * * *

It was the run of the salmon. Out on the broad Pacific came the silver horde, myriads upon myriads of gleaming bodies packed so closely together that they formed a temporary bridge across the wide-mouthed river. After three years of absence from their native shore, three years of ceaseless roving through the depths of the unresisting sea, the desire for home had become an impulse irresistible. As if responsive to some secret call, out of the ocean depths they had gathered and headed for the mouth of the distant Fraser. In the headwaters of the Fraser they were born; in the headwaters of the Fraser they would make ready to die.

A splendid specimen of the sockeye species was in the lead. Up to the present his responsibilities had been more nominal than real, and life had been one long, continuous holiday. For the past four years he had done nothing but dodge

enemies and eat, feats which he had found absurdly easy of accomplishment. Of course, a shark or a seal had now and then given him a hard chase, but he was gifted with a wonderful burst of speed, and he had yet to meet his match in the silvery depths of the sea. But the ascent of the river was different. Enemies, new and strange, watched the entrance with greedy eyes, and, as the doughty leader cast a swift glance over the deeply massed phalanx behind him, he wondered how many of those gleaming cohorts would reach the goal in safety.

There was, however, little time for dreaming. With a parting flick of his delicate tail, Sockeye left salt water forever and plunged into the cool current of the river now fed by the melting snows of the mountains. Behind him and stretching far out on either side came his companions. Their course was fraught with more danger than his own by reason of their close formation, and danger met them at the very outset. At the river-mouth weirs and fish-traps lay in wait for them and gill-nets, pound-nets, and trawling-seines were soon filled with the glistening spoil.

Sockeye appeared to bear a charmed life. Again and again some luckless follower would be

snatched up before his eyes while he, like the Ancient Mariner, lived on. Everywhere along the wooded banks Siwash families with spear and scoop-net worked hard to lay in their winter's supply, while here and there a frugal white settler might be seen tossing out the fish with shovel or pitchfork.

The pack swam steadily upstream until the miles became centuries, and still they advanced. Rocks, shoals, rapids, and sandbars were obstacles only to be surmounted, and soon the tremendous strain began to tell. Nor is this surprising when it is remembered that since entering fresh water not a morsel of food had been eaten, nor would a single warrior in that vast army eat again.

Did Sockeye remember his downward trip to the sea so long ago? Perhaps not; he was an orphan, and doubtless strove to forget those early days of suffering. At the end of his infant or "alevin" stage of existence, when but a mere "fry" two inches long, he had been forced to earn a livelihood. Bereft of a parent's care, his early home in the shallow reaches of the upper Fraser had little attraction for him and, like many another young adventurer, he longed to see the great world outside.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that Sockeye should slip out one dark night and drop a few miles down the stream. Each day saw him farther on his way. In the daytime he would hide at the bottom of some dark pool, but at night he would move on once more toward the sea. The long journey had taken nearly a year and, when at last tidewater was reached, he was a lusty young "parr." Three years had been passed in the open sea; then his fierce longing for home had come upon him, and lo! now he was on the very threshold.

By the time the once gayly-coloured leader—whose coat had become a vivid green and crimson on entering fresh water—had reached the spawning beds, he was a sorry-looking object indeed. He had grown thin and gaunt, and his jaws were now curved like the beak of a bird of prey. Sockeye chose a dusky olive female for a mate, and the pair by a diligent use of tail and fin succeeded in scooping out a shallow bed in the gravel for the reception of the eggs.

Few of these ova were ever hatched. Most of them were devoured by fish, birds, and four-footed gourmands though Sockeye did his best to guard these precious globules in which lay sleeping a future generation. Eternal vigilance is the

price of victory, and it was only by sticking at his post day and night, without rest and without food, that the grim little warrior was able to hold his own against the army of intruders.

At last, however, the fearful strain began to tell on even his iron constitution. His fins were split in several places, and his supple tail was torn away to a mere stub. His eyes, once so keen, had become dull and dim, and his torn and lacerated gills resembled a ragged scarf.

Then came the fight of his life. A super-numerary male, whose vain efforts to find a mate had rendered him well-nigh desperate, threw himself upon his weak and failing leader. But he had reckoned without his host, and after a battle so deadly that the startled wildfowl fled in terror from the spot, the mangled remains of the bold aggressor drifted down the stream.

Sockeye looked round him. Not an enemy was left in sight, and he felt that now he could die happy. His work was done; he had fulfilled his destiny, and about him everywhere shone the presence of a new life. By a last supreme effort he scraped up a little barrier of sand to keep the ruddy globules from rolling away; then his wounded, emaciated body floated down with the current. . . .

After life's fitful fever he slept well.

XIII

INDIAN CUSTOMS AND LEGENDS

In Western Canada



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In Western Canada

WHEN the white man came to Canada nearly four centuries ago, the Indians he first met with were members of the great Algonquin stock, which stretched in a wide sweep from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the foot of the Rockies. The Crees, with their three subdivisions, Plain Crees, Wood Crees, and Swampies, belonged to this parent stock, the Plain and Wood Crees making their home in Saskatchewan, while the Swampies were found chiefly in Manitoba. The Blackfeet occupied the western prairies and mountain slopes, thus embracing a large part of what is now the Province of Alberta. The Blackfoot Confederacy consisted of four tribes, Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegan and Gros Ventres, and though all were of Algonquin origin, warfare raged continually between them and the Crees.

Yet the Indian did not wholly scorn the arts of peace, and all the tribes had lifted themselves

more or less above primitive barbarism. Hunting and trapping formed their main occupations, animal food being their chief means of sustenance. The meat was boiled or roasted, and pemmican made from lean strips of buffalo-meat mixed with tallow, formed a staple article of diet.

"Whenever food was plentiful, feasts of a social or religious character were very common. Every guest brought with him a dish and knife. When the food had been divided, the host would light his pipe, draw a few whiffs himself, and present the stem towards the sun, the earth and the fire. The pipe was then presented successively to each person present, a small quantity of food was cast on the fire as a sacrifice, and the feast began. It was considered an evidence of appreciation and good breeding to devour one's portion with the utmost rapidity."

Life within the tepee was marked by the greatest freedom. Children were rarely punished, and never whipped. The women were drudges, but willing ones, and at home the fierce warrior threw off his grave demeanor and became cheerful and talkative. Trusted by those around him, he allowed his affections to have full play, and he

whiled away the time by making jokes and telling stories.

In public, he was another being. Dignified and haughty, he disdained to smile, and when he spoke it was to utter weighty words of wisdom. When an Indian chief rose to speak in council it was with the splendid, fearless bearing of one who knows no will save his own. He was never at a loss for a word, and a gift of natural eloquence was enhanced by a mastery of gesticulation that was nothing less than superb.

It was in the art of story telling that the Red Man's genius is most clearly revealed. Often on winter nights, while a pot of buffalo meat sizzled over the fire and the long-stemmed pipe passed from hand to hand, some old man of the tribe would begin a tale of adventure, and as he acted it out in pantomime, his listeners would sit entranced, seeing the sights and hearing the sounds that he so vividly described. Tales of struggles almost superhuman, tales of endurance, of perilous adventure with beast and foe, of distant excursions into the enemy's country—these stories proved as attractive to the children of the forest and plain as the moving-picture to the white children of to-day.

Perhaps the tale embodied some religious belief of the tribe, or recounted the deeds of some hero of old. Each tribe has its legendary hero or ancestor who, though gone to the spirit world, still watches over his people. In the Algonquin mythology, Nanabozho is the Great Spirit or Manitou who created the world and afterwards saved its inhabitants from the flood. The Cree tribal hero is Wesakachac, whose adventures with the various animals of the forest and field form a series of wonder tales as entrancing as any found in the "Arabian Nights." Why, for instance, has the ermine a white skin and a black tip on the end of its tail? This is the story as heard by the writer from the lips of an Indian, twenty years ago:

"Once upon a time, Wesakachac was tormented by a Wendigo, an evil spirit who pursued him night and day. He ran through the forest calling upon his animal friends for help. The ermine, a little creature with a black skin, hid in a tree, and as the Wendigo passed, leaped down his throat and ate his wicked heart out. To show his deep gratitude, Wesakachac returned to the spot, and taking the ermine in one of his huge hands, he stroked its fur with the other. When, with a

last caress, he set the little creature down, lo, its skin was white, all except the tip of the tail, which the hero's fingers had failed to touch."

Similar stories are told of Glooskap, the Manitou of the northern tribes, and more than one inhabitant of the prairie will be glad to know what evil fate cursed us with the busy, shrill-voiced mosquito. Here is how the story is told in Professor Macmillan's "Canadian Wonder Tales":

"Glooskap once had a terrible encounter with a wicked sorceress who had corrupted his people and stolen his little brother. In the struggle he tore up a huge pine tree from its roots and hurled it at his enemy. It stuck in her side, and although she did her best to draw it out she was unable to do so. All the people laughed at her because she had to go about with this pine tree growing in her side. She was very angry and wished that she might be changed to something that would always be a plague and a torment to man. Glooskap, ever generous to a vanquished foe, acceded to her wish and changed her at once to a mosquito. To this day she travels everywhere, and the pine in her side is now a sharp sting.

"She is never at rest," concludes the story,

"but she shall always remain as she visited. a torment to mankind. The only thing on earth she dreads is fire and smoke, for she still remembers that the throwing of her baby into the fire long ago caused the outburst of anger that in the end deprived her of her strength. And by fire and smoke, in the summer twilight men still drive her and her descendants from their dwellings."

Childish stories, you say? Yes, but we must remember that when white men first reached the shores of this continent, the Indians were just emerging from the stone age in their social development, and that mentally and morally they are still a race of children. Their characteristic faults, improvidence and unsteadiness, are the faults of childhood, which will, no doubt, be outgrown. We must be patient with them, for they are the wards of the nation.

In the Great War, now so happily ended, government statistics show that more than 3,500 Canadian Indians joined the colors. They made excellent soldiers, and not a few of them distinguished themselves as sharpshooters and scouts. Private Semia walked more than five hundred miles in order to reach a recruiting sta-

tion, and John Campbell, from the far north, made a journey of nearly three thousand miles by mail, canoe and steamship, before he finally donned khaki. These examples serve to show that the young men, at least, are ready to respond to the call of a newer age.)

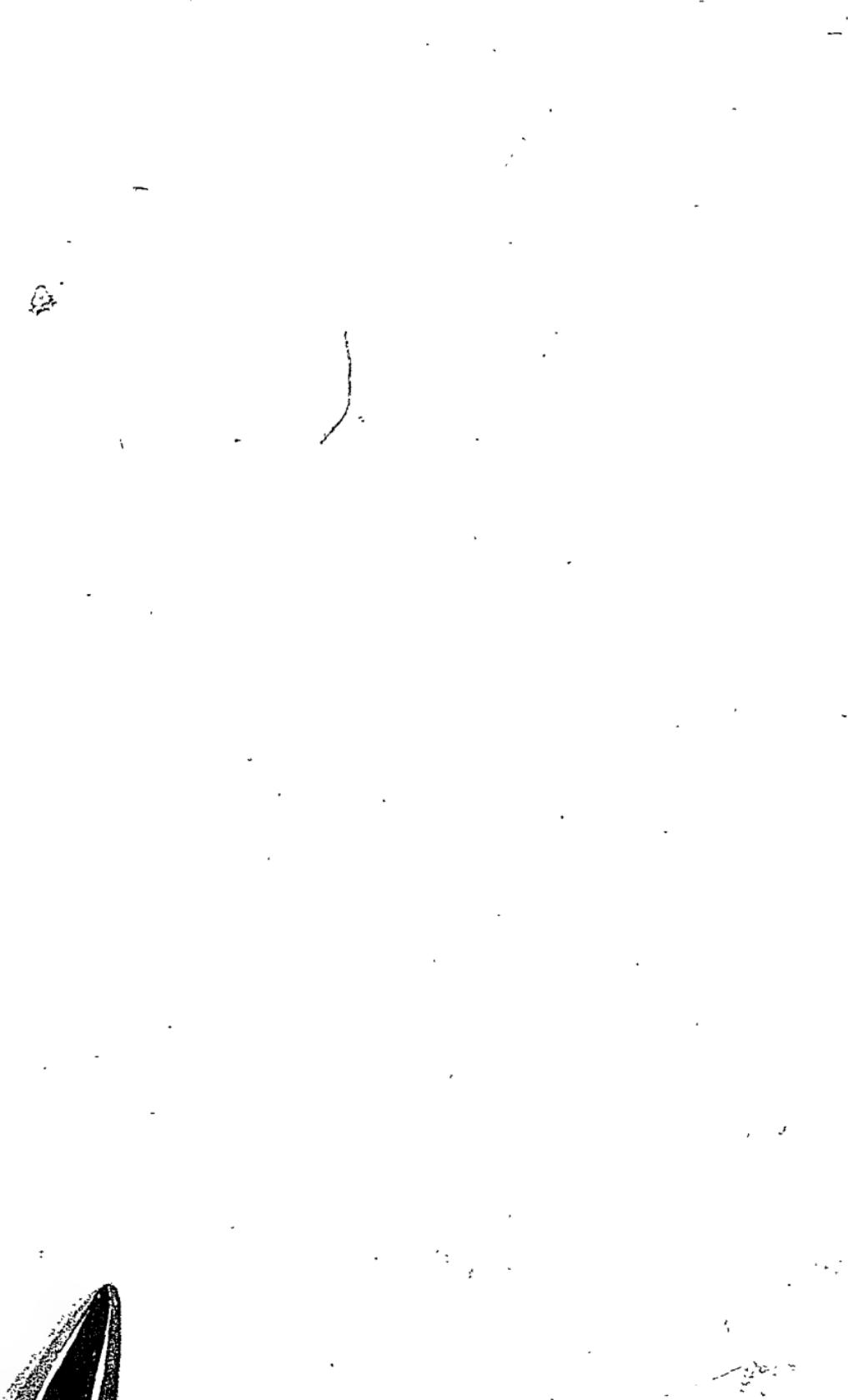
And what of the "old men" who have not been able to adapt themselves to the new order of things? Their lot is a sad one, and can only be fully understood by one like the writer of the following words, himself an Indian and a college graduate: "Poor, inoffensive old men, very few are now left to tell their tale in the winter lodges. They live not in the present; they look not to the future; and they are not listened to with the same reverence as was shown to men of their age long ago. As we tenderly lay our old men into the ground, we must bury also our old outlook on life and resolutely turn to the future with its changed conditions. We must seek to attain that same proficiency our forefathers had in their day and work, in the new sphere that is ours in this land to-day."



XIV

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

Historical Sketch



XIV. THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

Historical Sketch.

PERHAPS the most convenient way to study the "Woods" Indian is to visit a Hudson's Bay Company post in summer. During this season of the year it is the favourite resort of the native trappers of the north. For fully five months, hunting is absolutely abandoned, and is not resumed until the month of September, when the breeding season is over.

The coming of Autumn produces a wonderful change in the great northern hinterland. From the various trading-posts come the Indian and Half-breed trappers, with their families and dogs, and the vast solitudes echo once more to the sound of human voices. There is abundance of room for all in this great hunting-field, and each trapper is sure of his grounds. The country is all mapped out, and woe betide the trapper who trespasses on his neighbour's preserve.

As a general rule, a trapper's "line" is entirely free from human molestation. This "line" may vary in length from ten miles to four times that

distance, and is marked out so as to bring its possessor home to his shack at the end of each day. Six or eight traps are set to the mile, and these are buried in little clumps of bush, piles of roots or other places of shelter designed to imitate the works of nature. The bait is placed in the back part of the shelter, and the trap is set just beneath the entrance.

In the dusky twilight, the trapper sets out on his daily journey. His eye is keen and alert, and, as he nears each trap his heart jumps with the excitement of the chase. The "catch" varies with each trip, and this gives a spice of variety to an otherwise monotonous occupation. All sorts of animals snarl at him from the traps: fishers and martens, lynxes and minks, ermines and rabbits, to say nothing of an occasional owl or whiskey-jack. As each animal is killed and removed, the trap is re-set, and it may be long after dark before the hungry trapper reaches his little cabin to enjoy his evening meal and to recount to his family the story of the day's adventures.

When enough skins have been secured a trip is made to the nearest post, where the precious pelts are bought at standard prices. The Hudson's Bay Company have trading-posts scattered

all through this northern territory, and by their wise and considerate dealings with the Indians, have done much to bring about amicable relations between the white race and the ancient lords of this great heritage. The Great Company, which derives its name from the inland sea discovered by Henry Hudson, has an unusually interesting and romantic history.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, two French traders, De Groseilliers and Radisson reached the southern shore of Hudson's Bay. Both were shrewd and observant men, and on their return to Canada, they advised the French fur-traders to form a company which should carry on its operations in this northern wilderness. Failing in their efforts to form such a company, Radisson and his companion sailed for France. Here again the hardy adventurers were doomed to disappointment, and as a last resort they crossed the channel in the hope of securing the aid of the English fur-traders. This time they were more successful, and in 1670 a charter was granted to a small company of distinguished men, Prince Rupert, the King's adventurous cousin, being the leading spirit in this little band.

The Royal Charter is an interesting document,

the substance of which was as follows: The members of the Company and their heirs and successors, were granted the sole right of trade and commerce in all those lands and waters surrounding Hudson's Bay not already possessed, with fishing of all sorts and all mines discovered; and the country was to be known as Rupert's land. Furthermore, the Governor and Council were to constitute the true and absolute lords of the aforesaid territory, which was to be holden for His Majesty the King of England and his heirs.

A Governor was appointed, and in a short time an expedition sailed from England for the shores of Hudson's Bay. Soon after the ship's arrival, De Groseilliers and Radisson being suspected of conspiring against their English allies, were peremptorily dismissed. The two Frenchmen made their way to Canada, and after raising a considerable force, returned to the North and succeeded in taking possession of the newly constructed York Factory. De Groseilliers, however, was again admitted into the Company's service, and all opposition being removed, factories were built at the outlets of the Moose, Rupert and Albany rivers.

For several years these forts belonged to the

French and English alternately. By the Treaty of Ryswick they were given to the French; six years later they were transferred to the English by the Treaty of Utrecht. In 1782 a French expedition under the command of La Perouse appeared before Fort Prince of Wales and forced the garrison to surrender. After destroying the fortress, the strongest in North America, La Perouse sailed away, and from this time on the English remained in undisturbed possession.

The Company now began the work of exploration and extension of trade. In 1770 Samuel Hearne discovered the Coppermine River and traced it to its mouth in the Arctic Ocean. Four years later he erected a fort on the Saskatchewan known as Cumberland House. Other explorers followed in his wake, and within twenty years the Company had extended its forts westward to the Rockies, Norway House on Lake Winnipeg serving as the distributing point for the Western trade. The officers of the Company not only were very active themselves in the search for the North-west Passage, but aided in every way the various expeditions fitted out for that purpose.

But the Hudson's Bay Company was not for long allowed to have all the trade in the north

and west. In the closing years of the eighteenth century free-traders had been successful in establishing a flourishing trade with the scattered tribes of Indians. In 1783 a number of Montreal merchants organized the North-West Trading Company, and were successful in securing the services of the free-traders by making them partners or salaried employees. Fort William on Lake Superior was made the headquarters of the new company's trade, and important posts were established along the Red and Saskatchewan.

Ten years after the formation of the North-West Company, a Hudson's Bay Company expedition under Donald Mackay appeared on the Red River and erected a fort close to that of its younger rival. The long and tedious struggle between these two energetic companies now began, the older company employing men from the Scottish Highlands and Orkney Isles, while the younger employed the hardy Canadian *voyageurs* and reckless *Couriers-de-bois*.

In 1811, the Earl of Selkirk, a prominent shareholder in the Hudson's Bay Company sent out a party of emigrants from Scotland, and during the next two years the number of colonists was greatly increased by settlers from both Scotland

and Ireland. In 1813 Fort Douglas was erected, and this post formed the headquarters of the young colony. The North-West Company recognizing the great advantage gained by its rival, appeared in force and the little settlement was broken up. The Hudson's Bay Company governor in retaliation raised an armed force and assailing Fort Gibraltar, a North-West post on Lake Winnipeg, captured its garrison and retired to Fort Douglas, which he strongly fortified.

In spite of every precaution, however, Fort Douglas was taken by assault. The loss of this post aroused Lord Selkirk, who was in Montreal, to speedy action. A strong force was despatched to Fort William, and was successful in capturing that important post. Fort Douglas was taken by surprise, and the future began to look very dark for the North West Company. The Imperial Government, however, now took matters in hand and returned the property of each company to the original owners.

At length the principals began to recognize that the union of the two companies would be more to the interests of each, and in 1821 a coalition took place. The new company was named after the older company, and received a license of com-

plete control for a period of twenty-one years. In 1839 Alaska was leased, and the Company ruled from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from the Great Lakes to the Arctic Ocean and Behring Sea.

The organization as it existed at the time of the union is worth noting. The number of shareholders was not large, and from these, five were elected as a committee to conduct the general affairs of the company. In America, the highest office was Governor-in-chief, and the first governor of the re-organized company, Sir George Simpson, held that post for a period of forty years. Next to the governor in rank were the chief factors, who met with the governors once a year in council. Below these again were the ordinary factors, and lower still in rank, the traders and Company clerks.

The vast territory over which the Company had jurisdiction, was divided into four districts with their respective depots at York Factory, Moose Factory, Montreal and Victoria. Trade with the Old Land was carried on by way of Hudson's Bay, two ships coming out each summer. These usually arrived about the middle of August, and after exchanging cargoes, returned

a month later. From York and Moose, the year's supplies were carried to the inland posts in the huge York boats, manned by crews of Indians.

The colony on the Red River grew rapidly. Upper Fort Garry was built in 1822, and the Lower Fort, nine years later. In 1833 a council was formed for purposes of civil government, and in 1838 the Company obtained a renewal of its license for a further period of twenty-one years.

In 1859, on the expiration of this second license, negotiations were made with Canada and the Imperial Government in regard to the transference of the huge territory so long ruled by the Company. Both governments were slow in coming to terms, and not until the year of Canadian Confederation was anything really done. An agreement was finally reached, however, and arrangements were concluded on March 9th, 1869, whereby the Hudson's Bay Company was to receive £300,000 sterling, on the transference of the land to the Imperial Government, which was, within one month, to re-transfer it to the Canadian Government.

Owing to delay, as well as some misunderstanding on the part of the colonists, the Riel Re-

bellion of 1870 broke out. The Company did all that was possible to quiet the excited settlers, and the resident governor, Sir Donald Smith, was appointed to inquire into the cause of the rising. In this he rendered the Canadian Government an important service, and did much to bring about peace and reconciliation. In the same year the purchase money was paid to the Company and Canada received a huge accession of territory.

Thus ended the Hudson's Bay Company as a governing power; as a trading concern it was destined to become still greater. From a purely fur-trading company it has developed into a gigantic corporation with one hundred and thirty trading posts, thirty-one general stores, and a capital of ten millions. Its stores are becoming modernized, and under the stress of competition that has come with the growth of population, its methods are strictly up-to-date. As its directors look into the future they see visions that are not eclipsed even by those bright dreams of Prince Rupert and his company of Gentlemen Adventurers, in the reign of the "Merry Monarch," two hundred and fifty years ago.

24

EDWARD SELKIRK AND HIS RED RIVER
COLONY

Historical Sketch



XV. LORD SELKIRK AND HIS RED RIVER COLONY

Historical Sketch

THOMAS DOUGLAS, Earl of Selkirk, known in Canadian history as the founder of the Red River Colony, was a member of the ancient Douglas family, renowned in Scottish song and story. At an early age Lord Selkirk displayed that broad humanitarian sympathy which characterized his whole life, and took an active interest in attempting to better the lot of the Highland poor who were suffering great hardships as a result of the long Napoleonic wars.

Other problems attracted his attention and it is worth noting here that Lord Selkirk was probably the first man of his age to conceive in outline, and even in some detail, a scheme of national defense that foreshadowed the Territorial Plan.

This scheme, which he placed before the House of Lords in 1807, provided that every young man between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five years should be thoroughly trained as a soldier.

Besides advocating his project in the House of Lords, the young Scottish peer published his ideas on this now important subject, and they stand to-day available as constituting a noteworthy document, the anticipation of a remarkable man who had the misfortune to live before his time.

At length one problem gripped Lord Selkirk's imagination to the exclusion of all else and the promotion of emigration became the predominant interest of his life. To this question he devoted his remaining years, his heart, his intellect, and his fortune, and the West can never repay the deep debt it owes to the man who after having lived as an apostle died as a martyr to the cause of western settlement.

It was through reading the "Voyages" of Sir Alexander Mackenzie that the Scottish dreamer and philanthropist first learned of the vast tracts of fertile country "at the western extremity of Canada upon the waters which fall into Lake Winnipeg." But Selkirk did more than dream. He was essentially one who made dreams come true, and when in 1802 the government forbade the establishment of a colony on the Red River, he turned his attention to more accessible parts of Canada. Through his energetic assistance

several hundred Scotch crofters, who had been driven from their clearances in the Old Land found new homes in Prince Edward Island and Ontario. But Selkirk never forgot the vision of a great western colony and by 1810 he had evolved a plan by which that vision was to become a reality. Aided by friends he acquired control of £35,000 of stock in the Hudson's Bay Company, and in the same year he had laid his plan before the directors. They were to give him a district of about 110,000 square miles, and he in return was to settle a large colony thereon, assuming all the cost of transportation, government and protection.

Needless to say, Selkirk's plan met with strong opposition. But no amount of opposition could quell Lord Selkirk's enthusiasm. He immediately set to work to make his scheme known to those Irish and Scotch peasants whom it was his first desire to aid. Free transportation, grants of freehold land and freedom of religious opinion were offered and quickly accepted, and in July 1811, the first party, consisting of slightly over one hundred men and women set sail for the distant shores of Hudson Bay. There, under the leadership of Captain Miles Macdonell, the little

band spent their first winter in Canada. In the following summer they reached their destination on the Red River, and the settlement of the west had begun.

Other parties were sent out in 1813 and in 1814, and it soon became clear to the North-West Company that they must fight this Scottish philanthropist to a finish. "Lord Selkirk must be driven to abandon his project," for "his success would strike at the very existence of our trade," wrote one partner to another and steps were taken at once to prevent further settlement. More than a hundred of the Selkirk colonists were induced to settle in Ontario, and about a half-hundred more were driven to the northern end of Lake Winnipeg. The colony appeared to be completely broken up, and great was the jubilation of the North-West Company partners at their headquarters at Fort William.

But Lord Selkirk was not to be defeated thus. He organized another party and placed at its head Robert Semple, a captain of the British army, who was to go out as governor. This company, known as the Kildonan group, had a quick voyage, and arrived on the Red River in the autumn of 1815.

Lord Selkirk reached Montreal late in the same year, and soon learned how powerful were the forces ranged against him. Despairing of securing any assistance from the Canadian government in the protection of the settlement, he determined on his own responsibility to lead an expedition to the Red River to provide for the future safety of the colonists. In this he was fortunate. Through the disbanding of the De Meuron regiments at the close of the war of 1812-14, he was able to secure one hundred of these ex-soldiers as military settlers.

Lord Selkirk set out on his journey westward and at the Sault learned of the frightful tragedy at Seven Oaks where Governor Semple and twenty-one colonists had been slain. Selkirk hastened on to Fort William and on his arrival at once placed the Nor' West leaders under arrest, and sent them under guard to Montreal. The Selkirk party spent the winter at Fort William and early in March set out for the Red River.

The arrival of Lord Selkirk with a strong military force encouraged the colonists to return from Lake Winnipeg and his presence revived their hopes for a settlement of their dispute with the Northwest Company. The lots which the colon-

ists had occupied were given to them, the building of bridges and mills was provided for and a treaty was made with the Indians. Then Lord Selkirk hastened back to the east, knowing full well that his troubles were by no means over.

We need not dwell on the details of the miserable story.—With the courts and legislatures controlled in Lower Canada by the Northwesters and in Upper Canada by the family compact, Lord Selkirk had no chance whatever. He was forced to pay fines amounting to £2,000, and thoroughly disheartened and discouraged, he sailed for Europe in 1818, a broken-down and worn-out man. He died in the south of France two years later, “unwept, unhonored and unsung.”

A hundred years have passed since Lord Selkirk sailed from the shores of Canada and we do well to honor his memory to-day. At last we begin to see him in his true light, the pioneer empire-builder who spent himself and his fortune in his efforts to make a great dream come true. He it was who first heard the call; he it was who first caught the vision of that great West which is to-day the heart of Britain’s greatest dominion. Regarded by some as a philosophical dreamer, and by some as a daring adventurer, Lord Selkirk is

considered to-day by every thoughtful student of history as one of the clearest intellects of his age, one of the most courageous hearts of his race, and one of the most unfortunate of those sturdy men who sacrificed their comfort, their means and their lives in laying the foundation stones of this great Canadian empire.



XVI

A RED RIVER BUFFALO HUNT

Historical Sketch

XVI. A RED RIVER BUFFALO HUNT

Historical Sketch

Men still living to-day declare that they have stood on an eminence in what is now the Province of Alberta and have seen on all sides as far as the eye can scan, an unbroken mass of moving buffaloes, like the surface of a troubled sea. What has become of these vanished legions? Let the white man answer, for on his head lies the guilt. Among the Indians game was seldom killed wantonly, but with the advent of white traders came the demand for pelts, and within a few, short years the American bison had become practically extinct, even on their own ancient stamping grounds.

For the traders operating from the Red River Settlement, the regular buffalo hunts took place in June and August, the latter excursion usually lasting till the end of October. The first expedition generally set out about the middle of June, the hunters making their rendezvous at Pembina Mountain. An excellent description of the June hunt of 1840 is given in Alex Ross's "Red River

Settlement," published in 1856, and to that interesting narrative the present writer is chiefly indebted for the material here briefly presented.

The camp occupied as much ground as a modern city, the carts—more than a thousand in number—being arranged in a huge circle with the shafts projecting outward. Within this enclosure, the tents were placed in double rows at one end, and the animals were tethered at the other. During the night sentinels patrolled the camp, and every care was taken against a surprise attack by Indians.

On the first day at Pembina, the rail was called and ten captains were chosen to lead the expedition. Ten guides were also appointed, their duties being to guide the camp day by day in turn. The camp flag was the guides' particular care, and when he hoisted it in the morning, half an hour was the time allotted to prepare for the march. While the flag remained hoisted—all day as a rule—the guide was chief of the expedition, the captains being subject to his authority. The moment the flag was lowered—the signal for encamping—the guides' duties ceased and the captains' began. They saw that each cart moved to its appointed place, and performed all duties

necessary for keeping order, each captain having ten soldiers under him for this important work.

Before leaving Pembina a council was held to lay down the rules to be observed during the expedition. The laws of the June hunt of 1840 were:

1. No buffalo to be run on the Sabbath day.
2. No party to fort off, lag behind, or go before without permission.
3. No person to run buffalo before the general order.
4. Every captain, with his men, to patrol the camp and keep guard in turn.
5. For the first trespass against these laws the offender to have his saddle and bridle cut up—for the second offence, the coat to be taken off the back of the offender and cut up—for the third offence, the offender to be flogged.
6. Any person convicted of theft, even to the value of a sinev to be brought to the middle of the camp, and the crier to call out his or her name three times, adding the word "thief" at each time.

When all was ready the cavalcade set out for the plains. As soon as the scouts had reported

that buffalo were near, camp was made and the hunters prepared for the attack. Mounted on fast horses they cautiously advanced until close enough to charge the herd. Finally, at the word of command from their leader, they swept forward at a gallop, pouring in volley after volley of lead upon the startled herd which fled in all directions making the earth tremble as if stricken with an earthquake. The plain soon became dotted with the carcasses of dead buffalo, the hunters seldom missing a shot and re-loading their guns at full gallop. In two hours all was over, but in that short time perhaps a thousand buffalo had been despatched by these intrepid riders.

As soon as the hunters or "runners" left the camp, the carters followed to bring in the meat. On reaching the battle-ground they would find the recent daring hunters now acting the part of butchers, skinning and cutting up the huge carcasses or perhaps removing only the tongues if a storm were threatening. Hundreds of animals were sometimes abandoned to become the prey of wolves. The meat which the carters brought into camp was dried or converted into pemmican. This important article of food consisted of

shredded buffalo meat boiled with tallow, the mixture being poured into sacks of raw skins while it was still in a liquid state. This was a task allotted to the women, as was also the curing of the tongues and the dressing of the robes.

Usually the June hunt lasted about two months, so that the hunters had barely a fortnight at home before setting out again on the autumn expedition. Yet that short interval was sufficient to eat up their earnings and they were ready enough by the end of August to offer their services to the trading company for another three months at the princely wage of one pound per month. No wonder the buffalo disappeared from the plains.

But, thanks to the Canadian Government, the shaggy monarch of the prairies is not yet extinct. The last important herd to be found on the North American continent was bought by the federal government from a Flat-head Indian of Montana in 1907, and installed in the Canadian National Buffalo Park near Wainwright in the Province of Alberta. The original herd of six hundred now numbers over three thousand, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility to believe that many children living to-day may yet see

what their pioneer grandfathers saw many a time in days gone by—on all sides, as far as the eye can scan, an unbroken mass of moving buffaloes, like the surface of a troubled sea.

XVII

THE BEGINNINGS OF CHURCH LIFE ON
THE PRAIRIES

Historical Sketch

XVII. THE BEGINNINGS OF CHURCH LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES

Historical Sketch

THE first explorers of the prairies were chiefly Roman Catholics and a priest, Father Mesaiger, accompanied Verendrye on his epoch making trip to the Lake of the Woods in 1731. In 1750 Father Marinie came out to Fort La Reine, but when he left for the east in the following year, the west was left without a missionary for a period of more than sixty-five years.

When the Selkirk settlers came, a new era was inaugurated. On the first ship was a Roman Catholic priest. It was not, however, until 1818 that the church took up the work in earnest. In that year Fathers Provencher and Dumoulin reached the Red River and right faithfully did they carry on their labors at Pembina and St. Boniface. In 1822 Abbe Provencher was consecrated Bishop of Juliopolis and coadjutor of the Bishop of Quebec for the North-West, and a year later Father Dumoulin was transferred to the

East. Education was by no means neglected, and the Roman Catholics claim the honor of establishing the first school in Manitoba in 1818; the first college, St. Boniface, in 1822; and the first girls' school in 1829.

The missions grew apace. In 1842 Father Thibault set out on a journey of twenty-two hundred miles and returned the same year after having baptised 353 children in the district between the Red River and the Rockies. A mission was opened at St. Anne, forty-five miles west of Edmonton, another on Lake Athabasca, and still another at Ile la Crosse.

In 1845 there arrived the first two priests of the Oblate Order, Father Aubert and a young man who was destined to leave a large mark on the church in the west. Five years later this "boy," Alexander Tache, became coadjutor bishop, and when the venerable Bishop Provencher died in 1853, this young man, scarcely thirty years of age, succeeded him as Bishop of St. Boniface. By 1869, there were between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains four bishops, thirty Oblate missionaries, thirty lay brothers and seven sisterhood establishments, which facts serve to show that the Roman Church was now firmly established in the West.

The first Anglican clergymen to undertake work on the prairies was the Rev. John West who came out to the Red River settlement in 1820. He was succeeded by the Rev. D. T. Jones who founded St. John's Church and the "Middle Church" a few miles north of the present city of Winnipeg. Active work among the Indians was begun by Rev. William Cochrane, a splendid type of muscular Christianity, and a man much beloved by all classes of the community.

These isolated attempts were succeeded by thoroughly organized work under the capable administration of the Right Revd. David Anderson who was consecrated first Bishop of Rupert's Land in 1849. After fifteen years of faithful service he retired, and these words of appreciation written by his successor serve to throw some light on the work he accomplished: "Missions had been planted in the far north at Fort Yukon, on the Mackenzie River, at Fort Simpson, at York Factory and Albany, as well as Moose on the shores of Hudson Bay; and at various places in the interior."

Bishop Machray, one of the greatest figures in western church history, arrived in 1865. In his opinion religion and education went hand in hand, and he took immediate steps to build up St.

John's College, which had been founded by Mr. West under the name of the Red River academy.

A little later, Bishop Machray came to the conclusion that the subdivision of his vast diocese would be in the best interests of the church. Accordingly, while visiting Great Britain in 1871, he asked the great missionary societies there to assist him in the founding of three new sees, Moosonee, Athabasca, and Saskatchewan. The plan was favorably received and the new sees were set apart in 1874; the four dioceses being integral parts of the ecclesiastical province of Rupert's Land, stretching from the Great Lakes to the Rockies, and from the American boundary line to the Arctic Ocean.

Thirty years later this great statesman bishop passed to his reward amid universal mourning, but his work lives on. He entered upon his task as bishop of one huge diocese; he bequeathed to his successor nine thoroughly organized sees, each with its own bishop and clergy. A new episcopal province had been founded, a great spiritual organization had been built up, and education, both secular and religious, had been adequately provided for. The Anglican Church owes much to Archbishop Machray.

The Methodist Church is indebted to the British Wesleyan Missionary Society for its pioneer missionaries in the West. In the year 1840 Rev. R. T. Rundle established a mission at Fort Edmonton, while the Rev. James Evans founded another on Rainy Lake. James Evans was the inventor of the Cree syllabic system of writing which has been adopted by many Indian tribes in various parts of America. Through Mr. Evans' invention thousands of copies of the Scriptures have been placed in the hands of the Red Indian, and few missionaries have accomplished a work so fruitful in results.

Twenty years later a party of Methodist ministers left eastern Canada for the West under the guidance of the Rev. George MacDougall, the veteran missionary of the Saskatchewan Valley. At Fort Garry the party separated. The Rev. Egerton Young set out for Norway House in an open boat; the Rev. Peter Campbell made his way westward across the prairies; and the Rev. George Young settled on the Red River to build up Methodism at that strategic point.

Dr. George Young was an ideal man for the work in the Red River settlement, and every element of his being was made to contribute to the

benefit of the church he so faithfully served. He was trusted by all, as a man of courage and conviction. When, during the Red River Rebellion, Riel passed death sentence on Thomas Scott, Dr. Young was the man to seek the rebel leader out and tell him to his face what he thought of such a wicked act of injustice. At every critical turn, the old Loyalist was one of the strongest men on whom the government and loyalists could depend during those dark and stormy days of the first rebellion. By this time Methodism had become strongly entrenched on the prairies and its influence spread rapidly during the succeeding years of development.

The Presbyterian Church, strange to say, was one of the latest religious bodies to become organized in the early days of western settlement, but for this, the Red River colonists were in no wise to blame. Many of them came from the parish of Kildonan, and Lord Selkirk had engaged a Mr. Sage, son of the minister there, to come out as their spiritual adviser. For some reason, Mr. Sage never came and for more than four decades the Presbyterian settlers were without a minister of their own.

When Lord Selkirk visited the Red River to

restore order after the colony had been broken up by the North-Westers, the settlers clamored for a minister. A public meeting was held on the west bank of the river some two miles below Fort Garry, and Lord Selkirk promised to send the Presbyterian minister so earnestly desired. The settlers thereupon erected a temporary building to serve as a church and school, and named the parish Kildonan after the Sutherland parish from which they had come.

Lord Selkirk's illness and death shortly after his return to Scotland prevented him from carrying out his pledge to the settlers, who then appealed to the Church of Scotland without result. Finally an urgent request for assistance was forwarded to the synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. Their appeal was heard, and in 1851, the Rev. John Black, the first student of Knox College, was sent out to be the first ordained Presbyterian minister in the West. For eleven years he was the only Presbyterian minister west of the Great Lakes, but in 1862 he was joined by a former class-mate, the Rev. James Nisbet, who founded the work at Prince Albert.

By 1870 there were five ministers in the West. The Presbytery of Manitoba was organized and

Manitoba College entered on its successful career, Rev. George Bryce, minister of Knox Church, being its first professor. Dr. Bryce was succeeded in the pastorate of Knox Church by the Rev. James Robertson who six years later became Superintendent of Missions for Manitoba and the North-West.

The Roman church has its Father Lacombe, the noble Oblate missionary, who for half a century followed the roving tribes of the prairie. The Anglican Church cherishes the memory of Bompas, bishop of Athabasca, of Mackenzie, of Selkirk, consecrated hero and "Apostle of the North." Methodism honours itself in honouring MacDougall who after a life of ungrudging service lay down to die on the open plains he loved so well. But Presbyterianism has its Robertson, that prairie "prophet, patriot, statesman and missionary who foresaw the marvellous developments that were coming, and who wisely prepared to meet them." If in the Canadian West, a new and better world is in the making to-day, it is because in its open spaces in days gone by, men like these have dreamed dreams and seen visions and labored to the glory of God and man.

THE

THE ROYAL NORTH-WEST MOUNTED
POLICE

Empirical Section

XVIII. THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE

Historical Sketch

THROUGHOUT a vast territory, almost as large as Russia, law and order are maintained in North-Western Canada by a corps of only a thousand men, officially known as the North-West Mounted Police. The corps combines the features of a military force with those of a constabulary. Its duties are as varied as the country patrolled. Essentially the riders are soldiers, but they also act as magistrates, sheriffs, license-inspectors, fire-wardens, health-officers, and game-wardens. By their discipline and proficiency, by their valour and impartiality, and by their soldierly and gentlemanly bearing, they have not only won the respect of all classes with whom they have come in contact, but they have acquired abroad the reputation of being one of the finest forces in the world.

And now just a word as to how this renowned force came into existence. Profiting from the rather dear experience acquired in the Red River

Rebellion of 1870, Canadian statesmen saw that it was absolutely necessary to have a strong body of men in the vast territories of the North and West if law and order were to be maintained in those distant regions. Consequently a bill to that effect was brought before the Canadian Government in 1872. The next year saw a fine, well-equipped body of men travelling westward through swamp and forest to what was then called the Great Lone Land. In the following year the original force was doubled, bringing the total number up to three hundred men. These were divided into six troops or divisions, which were stationed at Macleod, Fort Walsh, Calgary, Battleford, Qu'Appelle, and Fort Saskatchewan.

In 1882 the force was raised to five hundred, and during the rebellion of 1885 it reached a total of one thousand all told. After this unfortunate insurrection—in which the force did some splendid work—had been quelled, the number was diminished. Regina, the new capital of the North-West Territories, became the headquarters of the Mounted Police, and it is here that the raw recruits are trained for their various duties at the scattered outposts. There is a good riding-school, a large barrack-room, and a strong magazine. It

is here also that the Commissioner and Assistant-Commissioner reside.

The rules are strict but simple. A man joins in the first place for a period of five years, but he may rejoin at intervals of three years thereafter. After serving for twenty-seven years, he becomes the recipient of a comfortable pension. Despite the halo of romance that has been cast about the life of the Rider of the Plains, his lot is not altogether a bed of roses. Romance and hard work go hand in hand. In the suppression of smuggling and illicit trade with the Indians, in the regular patrol of the settlements and reserves, and in the enforcement of quarantine regulations and game-laws the Mounted Policeman has no spare time on his hands.

From the day of its organisation, however, the North-West Mounted Police force has been the stamping-ground of adventurous spirits drawn from all parts of the world. And in these vast solitudes of North-West Canada their thirst for adventure finds wide scope for its satisfaction, even in their daily round of duty. They follow the mountain trails and skirt the shores of silent lakes and noble rivers; they penetrate the snow-mantled forests, and cut their way through darkly forbidding and unexplored wildernesses.

Like the meshes of a gigantic net, their patrol trails cover a country that measures 1,000 miles from east to west and nearly 2,000 from north to south. In fact, one patrol alone—that from Fort Saskatchewan to Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake, thence to Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie River, and return by Lesser Slave Lake—covers a distance of over 2,000 miles. To give an idea of the immense amount of ground covered, let me cite the instance of one officer, the Assistant Commissioner, who, in the course of his regular duties, travelled in one year a total distance of 15,181 miles; 10,461 miles of which were by rail, 900 by water, 3,620 with horses, and 200 miles on snow-shoes.

Vastly different in many cases are the districts patrolled, varying from the salubrious climate of southern Alberta, with its gentle, soft-breathing Chinook breezes, to the rugged Klondyke, with its Arctic chill; from the high altitude of the Rockies to the low-lying prairies and the bleak shores of Hudson's Bay; from the forests of the North to the treeless plains of Manitoba and Assiniboia.

Quite as varied as the climate and physical features of the country patrolled are the characters of the men who make up the force. It would be

difficult, if not impossible, to find in any corps in the world an assemblage of characters more varied than that to be met with in the ranks of the North-West Mounted Police. On the past and present pay-rolls may be seen the names of novelists, artists, honourables, bank clerks, Oxford and Cambridge graduates; sons of admirals, generals, bishops, and statesmen; former officers of the Militia and Volunteer corps of Canada and Great Britain, as well as ex-officers of the armies of England, France, and Germany. Fully sixty per cent. of the men are gentlemen by birth, as well as by education, and the force claims to be the most highly educated in the world.

We should expect from such a body of men as this, a tact and diplomacy rather above the ordinary. And we are not disappointed. Many incidents in the annals of the force illustrate its ready wit and diplomatic skill in dealing with the most difficult situations. Indeed, it is largely due to this standing force that the Indians, who number about 20,000 in all, have given comparatively little trouble to the Canadian Government.

I happened to be in the neighbourhood of Fort Macleod when "Charcoal," an Indian murderer, gave so much trouble to the police in the autumn

of '96. As I was returning from the usual Fall round-up of cattle, I chanced upon a party of policemen and Indian scouts who were out in search of the fugitive. He had shot the farm-instructor on the reservation, and had then on a fast horse made his escape to the timber at the foot of the Rockies. For more than six weeks he evaded his pursuers. Sergeant Wilde of the St. Mary's detachment was shot by him in cold blood. At length, worn out by the long rides and lack of food and sleep, on a pitch-dark night he sought his old tepee on the reserve. He was recognized, however, and next day was handed over to the Police. He was immediately conveyed to Fort Macleod, where he was tried and sentenced to be hanged. Charcoal tried to escape this fate by starving himself, for the Indian has a superstitious fear of death by the rope. He believes that, when he dies, the soul escapes through the mouth, but that the release of the spirit is prevented by the hangman's noose.

Much like this case of Charcoal in Southern Alberta, was that of "Almighty Voice" in Saskatchewan. His capture, however, presented greater obstacles, for he had taken refuge in a wild bush country, and was secretly assisted by sympathis-

ing friends. Sergeant Colebrook, one of the most popular men in the force, fell a victim to the fugitive's unerring aim, and not until nearly a year had elapsed could the scouting parties ascertain the hiding-place of his murderer. At last, Almighty Voice was located in a thick bluff, but from past experience the Police knew how useless it would be to attempt to take him alive. Accordingly, a small cannon was placed in position, and the height was shelled. After several volleys had been fired, the scouts ventured into the stronghold and found the murderer's body riddled with shot.

Many stories of remarkable captures are told, not the least amusing of which is the case of the sergeant—now a deservedly popular inspector of the force—who was taking a prisoner by train to Regina. The latter, though secured by a leg-chain, took advantage of a steep up-grade ascent of the railway line to make good his escape while his guard was getting a drink of water. But the sergeant was not slow to act, and in less time than it takes to record the incident, he had started in pursuit, affording his fellow-passengers an exciting spectacle free of charge. He was a good runner, and soon overtook the prisoner, who

from that moment was not allowed to move an inch from his seat. Needless to say, it was the last run he took for many a day thereafter.

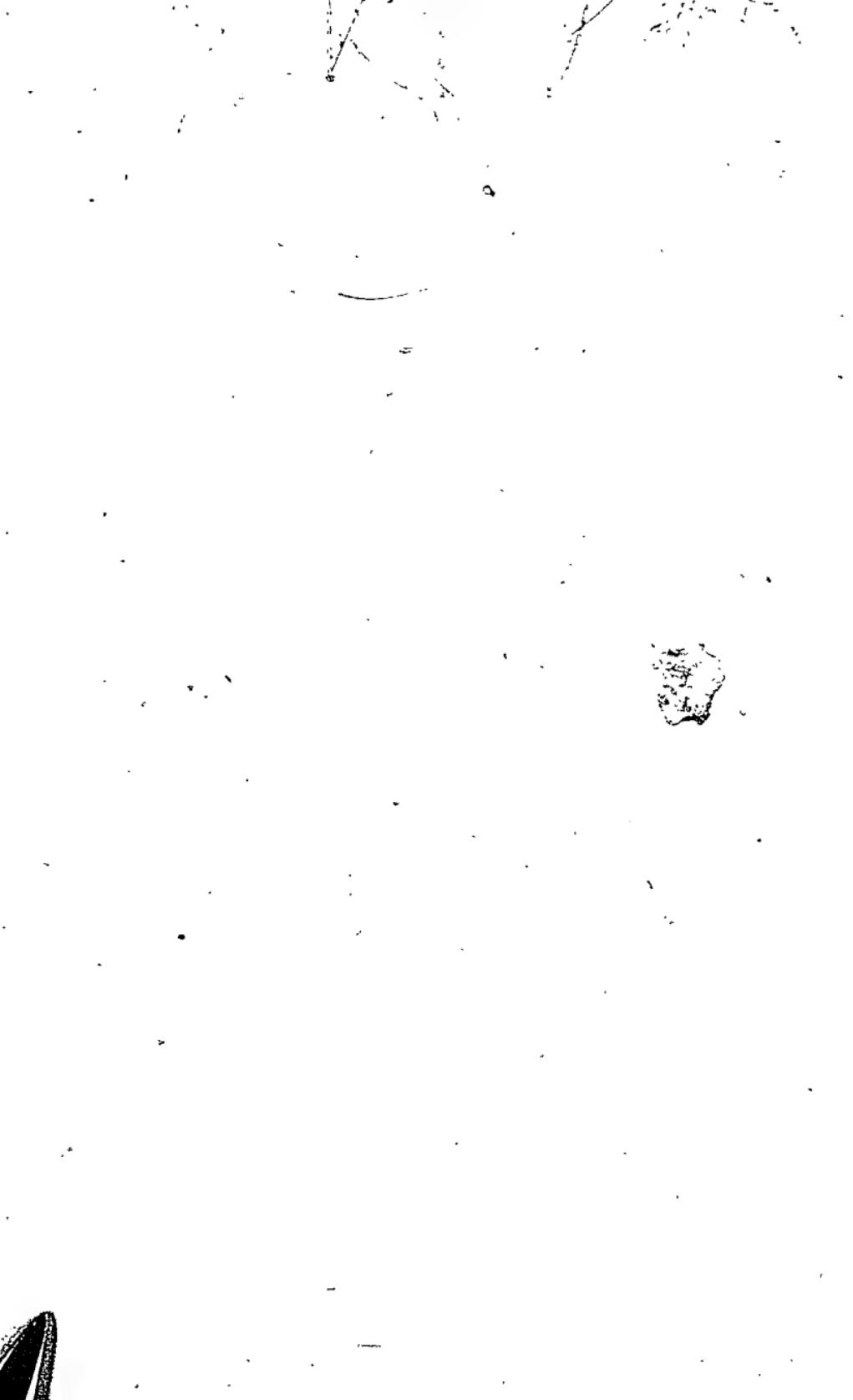
One of the saddest stories in the history of the Force is that of the death of Inspector Fitzgerald and three constables while on patrol from Fort Macpherson to Dawson City in the winter of 1906. These men knew the Klondike from long experience, but losing the trail, they perished before they could reach the next post. This tragedy in the Far North brings home to us the immense debt we owe to the men who travel by dog-team and kyak, to keep the law in the name of the king.

But not only on the prairies and in the ice bound Northland have these men made a name for themselves. On the sandy veldt of South Africa and on the Western Front in the recent Great War their gallant feats have enhanced and added to their former reputation. There is still much work for them to do in the West, and in the vast solitudes lying between Hudson Bay and the Alaskan boundary there will, as the years pass and settlers come in, be increasing need of the strong hand of law and order as represented by the R. N. W. M. P.

XIX

PLACE NAMES IN SOUTHERN ALBERTA

Historical Sketch



XIX. PLACE NAMES IN SOUTHERN ALBERTA

Historical Sketch

IT is generally believed that Southern Alberta was first visited by white men who came to trade with the Indians. Montana miners contend, however, that members of their own craft were the first to break the trail into the open range country. Miners' tools have been discovered near the base of Chief Mountain, and the remains of sluice-boxes have been found along numerous mountain streams. These prospectors returning, told of failure in their quest for gold, but related stories of vast prairies where huge herds of buffalo roamed, and where their skins could be obtained for almost nothing from the artless Indians.

An incident connected with the coming of one of these parties is said to be responsible for the naming of Pincher or Pincher Creek. In 1886 a party of eleven prospectors set out from Sun River, with all their horses freshly shod, intending to go right through to Edmonton. By the time

they had reached the Canadian boundary line many of the shoes had worn loose, so one night, while encamped on the bank of an unknown stream, the leader produced a pair of pincers and, to the great relief of the horses, removed every shoe that remained. He packed all the loose horse-shoes into a sack but through an oversight left the pincers lying on the ground. Nine years later a party of Mounted Police going over the same ground found the forgotten pincers, and from that time on the stream has been called Pincher Creek.

Many other places in this locality have been named in a similar manner. At Whoop-up, a band of Indians attacked a party of traders in a "cache" or hiding-place in the ground. By making a great noise the whites led the redskins to believe that the cache was full of men, and the threatened attack was postponed until a more auspicious occasion. Stand-Off is said to have received its name from the fact that the traders stood off a large attacking party, while at Slide-Out they were able to make their escape unharmed.

Mr. George Houk of Lethbridge, who helped to build Fort Whoop-up, claims that this popular

story of the naming of Stand-Off and Slide-Out is incorrect. His version is that "Liver-eating" Johnson and the Myers brothers outfitted with whiskey from Sun River, and attempted to enter the South Piegan Reserve in Montana. There they were discovered and called upon to surrender by Indian Agent Armitage and U. S. Marshal Hard. They refused and drew their guns whereupon Armitage called out to his companion, "All right, Marshal, bring up those soldiers."

The traders knew that there were no soldiers within a hundred miles, and decided to stand fast. When they finally reached their ultimate destination on the Belly River, they agreed to call their trading-post Stand-Off in memory of their recent encounter. Mr. Houk says that the other post, about twelve miles up the river, was named by the Myers brothers who "slid out" one night with their proportion of the stores.

These American traders made regular raids upon the herds of buffalo then roaming the ranges, but most of the pelts were obtained from the Indians who were only too eager to exchange a buffalo-hide for an ancient musket or a jug of fire-water. Many names in Southern Alberta are of Indian origin though they appear in English

guise. The Old Man River, for instance, is a stream whose channel was dug by the Creator or "Old Man" who lingered a long time in the mountains before venturing down into the prairie country.

Medicine Hat is another case in point. The Indian distinguishes as "good medicine" or "bad medicine" anything that he believes will change his fortune for better or for worse. An Indian hunts all day without success, but toward night-fall he finds an empty rifle shell, and a moment later he gets a shot at his game. This good luck, he believes, comes to him as the result of finding that empty cartridge. It is "good medicine" and he will probably wear it as a charm about his neck until his dying day.

Once a Blackfoot chief, whose tribe lived in the region now known as Seven Persons Creek, had such a charm in the form of a hat made of feathers. When he wore this head-piece in battle he was invincible. But alas, a dark day came when he lost his "medicine hat." In a fierce battle with the Crees, he had just put the enemy to flight when a gust of wind caught his magic head-piece and tossed it into the swift-flowing Saskatchewan. The effect was instantaneous. The

poor chief losing confidence in himself, halted, and as the enemy rallied for a last attack, he fled with his tribe toward the Cypress Hills, where he died of grief a short time afterwards.

Many places in Southern Alberta are named after the early pioneers. Cardston takes its name from Charles Ora Card, first president of the Mormon Church in Canada. Magrath is named after Mr. C. A. Magrath, former Dominion Fuel Controller, who in the early nineties' was closely connected with the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company. Cochrane reminds us of the early ranching days, being named after Senator Cochrane of Montreal who was one of the first to engage in cattle ranching on a large scale in Western Canada.

The rapid development of the Canadian West is shown by comparing a map of to-day with the one that appears as a frontispiece to Sir William Butler's epoch-making book, "The Great Lone Land," published nearly half a century ago. On Sir William's map there are no railways. The name of Calgary does not appear there. The only settlements are trading posts and mission stations.

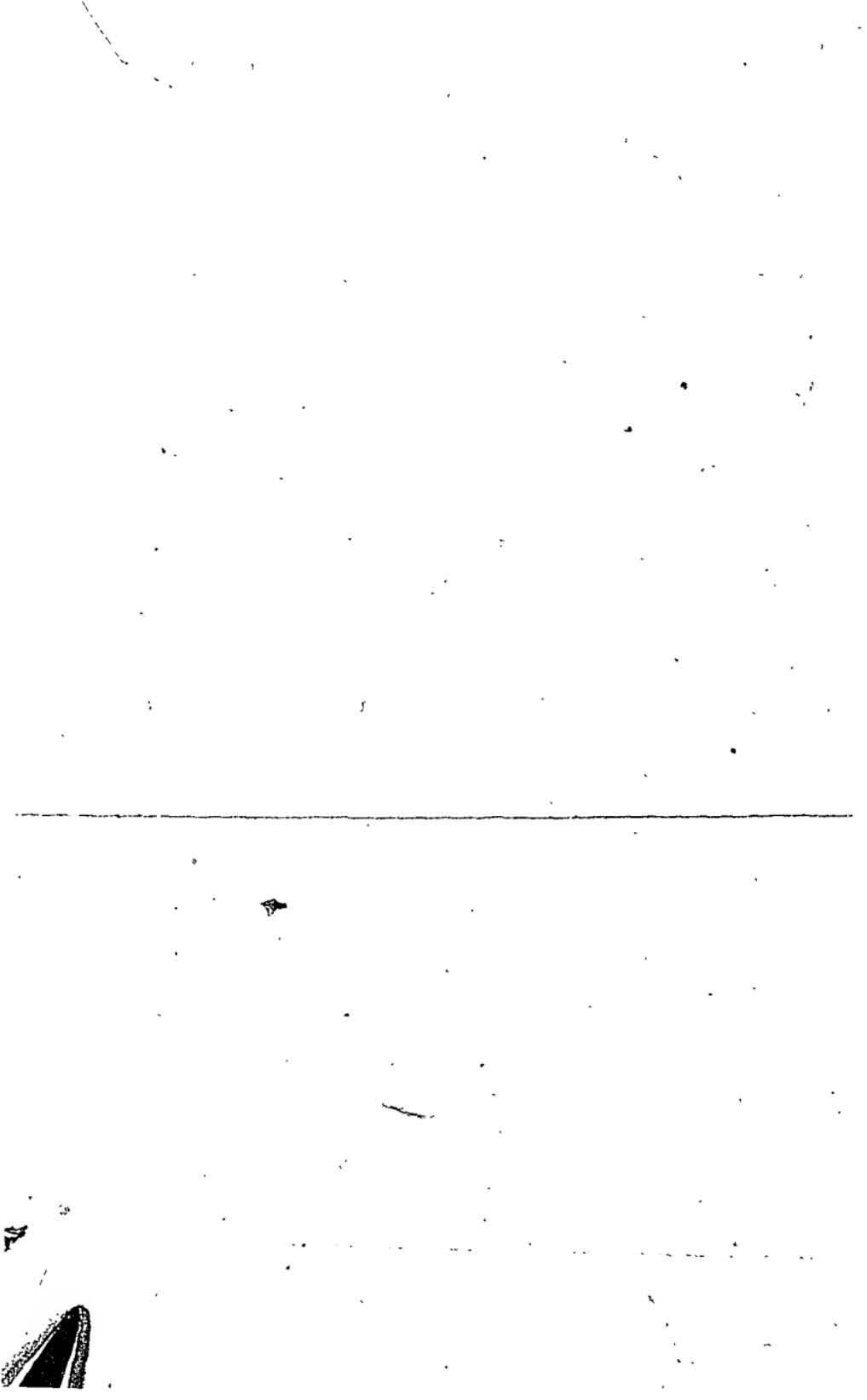
To-day the prairies' broad expanse is dotted

with towns and cities. The Old West has vanished, yet its glories live on in a multitude of names still fragrant with the memories of a more primitive civilization.

XX

THE EARLY RANCHERS AND COWBOYS

Historical Sketch



XX. THE EARLY RANCHERS AND COWBOYS

Historical Sketch

SOME time in the early eighties, the buffalo disappeared from the Canadian prairies.

Ruthlessly slaughtered for their hides, these magnificent animals were practically exterminated and the western plains were no longer a source of profit to avaricious traders.

Then into the silent ranges came the cattle kings, Senator Cochrane of Montreal being one of the first. Colonel Walker was his resident manager, and the stock roamed the foot-hill country between what is now the city of Calgary and the town of Cochrane. Owing to deep snow the first winter proved disastrous, and fully half of the cattle perished. The survivors were driven southward to the rich and well sheltered range lying between the Waterton and Old Man rivers. This tract comprised about 67,000 acres, one-tenth of which was leased, and the remainder purchased for one dollar per acre.

William Cochrane, a son of the senator, who

became manager of the ranching company in 1903, was the owner of the first automobile ever used in the West. It was propelled by steam, and the Indians regarded it as a creature of diabolic power. Even the cowboys regarded it with considerable suspicion, and the story is still told of how one hilarious "puncher" endeavored to rope it as it sped across the prairie to its home among the hills.

During the early ranching period, that picturesque figure, the western cowboy, held the centre of the stage. The popular conception of the cowboy is based chiefly on works of fiction which represent him as vicious and dissipated, ever ready to "paint the town red," and stake his last dollar on the high card. On the contrary, he was essentially law-abiding, and though his code of ethics might be somewhat broader than that which obtains in an old settled community, he generally did his best to live up to it. He stood in a class by himself, always, and the West is poorer for his passing.

The Round-up was the climax of the cowboy year. Whatever may have been his ways and recklessness during the winter season, the Spring round-up always found him ready for the fray.

One day was much like another. After a hasty breakfast, each man would pick out his horse in the rope-corral and proceed to saddle up. Sometimes a rider would have no little difficulty in mounting, as a "broncho" likes best to show his bucking ability in the cool of the early morning.

The riders would then scatter and move forward, scouring the country on either hand for unbranded calves. At noon a general movement would be made on the "chuck-wagon," and the calves collected during the morning's operations would be bunched together in an improvised corral. The afternoon, as a rule was given over to branding. Two men did the roping, one heated the irons, another "kept tally," two more did the actual branding, and the remainder "wrestled" the calves.

Beef driving to the railway was the last act in the season's drama, and was never without its own spice of danger. There was always the possibility of a stampede, and more than once a whole beef herd has been lost or badly cut up through the fright of one startled animal. Often at night, especially before a storm, the herd become restless and uneasy, and the slightest noise, the crackling of a twig or the flapping of a

"slicker," is sufficient to start them on a mad, headlong rush across the prairie.

The sound of the human voice seems to have a soothing effect upon the restless animals at such a time, and the writer has been wakened on more than one occasion by the lusty singing of the vigilant night herder as he rode round the herd, trrolling in monotonous iteration the well known lines of the cowboy's favorite hymn:

"Oh, its hinges are of leather, and its windows have no glass,

The roof, it lets the wint'ry tempests in;
I hear the hungry gopher, as he crawls up through the grass,

In my little, old sod shanty on the plain."

Alas for the cowboy, the open range of Southern Alberta is no more. No more do herds in countless thousands roam the foot-hills; no longer is the annual round-up the chief event of the year. The feuds and rivalries of the great cattle kings have faded into the dim and distant past, and the soil that once produced the most nutritious bunchgrass in the world is to-day upturned by the plough's shining share.

Yet the old west, as the present writer knew it nearly a quarter of a century ago, will never die;

in the bright lexicon of youth, it will always have a chapter to itself. It will live in boyhood's dreams like the tales of the Arabian Nights or the adventures of Ulysses. It will be difficult, indeed, to convince the growing boy that the west of to-day is still the Land of Adventure, but it is so, for the abounding hope of the early ranchers still burns like a beacon light across the prairie's broad expanse.

The people of Alberta should never forget how much they owe to the early ranchers. Each individual life would, of itself, make a complete history, a chronicle of bounding hope steadily down with time, and ultimately revealing itself in a grim doggedness which no obstacle could overcome. It will soon be time to ring down the curtain on the old-timers of the ranching period of our history, but ere that time comes, let us give them their full meed of praise.

XXI

THE PASSING OF THE TRAILS

Historical Sketch



XXI. THE PASSING OF THE TRAILS

Historical Sketch

“Ye who knew the Lone Trail, fain would follow it,
Though it lead to glory or the darkness of the pit.
Ye who take the Lone Trail, bid your love good-bye;
The Lone Trail, the Lone Trail, follow till you die.

Bid good-bye to sweetheart, bid good-bye to friend,
The Lone Trail, the Lone Trail, follow to the end.
Tarry not and fear not, chosen of the true;
Lover of the Lone Trail, the Lone Trail waits for you.”

Service—“The Lone Trail.”

ONE by one the old trails are passing. Like the fading records on the crumbling monuments in some old churchyard, the numerous trails of a former generation are being steadily obliterated by the silent hand of Nature or the newer works of man. Where the Indians' war-cry or the *voyageur's chanson* once woke the forest echoes, the whistle of the locomotive now startles the frightened wild fowl, and where once the heavy ox-cart of the pioneer marred the prairies' grassy surface, rich fields of wheat are yielding forty bushels to the acre.

Of these ancient highways one of the most noted is the Dawson Trail, which takes its name from S. J. Dawson, a brawny Scotch surveyor, who, after much delay and many discussions, finally received a grant from the Canadian Government to construct a road from Thunder Bay to Fort Garry. This route had long been the connecting link between the East and West. This was the way that the adventurous Verendrye had taken when he set out to explore those western solitudes hitherto undisturbed by the white man's foot-steps. Along this trail the reckless *courier-du-bois* played dice with death, as his frail bark leaped madly through the plunging rapids. This was the highway, too, that bore those valuable furs which each year found their way to the stockaded block-houses at Fort William. By this route, once more came the supplies from Eastern Canada to the growing settlement on the Red River and to points on the distant Saskatchewan.

Then came Dawson, the government surveyor who, in his report of the country west of Lake Superior, urged the necessity of building a Canadian road to compete with the great American highways. At first his advice was disregarded, but his persistence at length won the day, and on

receiving a grant he set to work. Within a few years he had constructed a road of about four hundred and fifty miles. One hundred and thirty-five miles of the distance was made by land and the remainder by canoe. A special transport service was organized, and the trip which is now made by train, in fifteen hours, was then a toilsome journey of about three months.

The Dawson Road was maintained for only five years under government supervision, but it came into much prominence at the time of the Red River Rebellion. Dawson was instructed to make ready his road and to provide the means of transportation for Wolseley's expedition when it reached Thunder Bay, as of course the troops would not be allowed to march through United States territory. During the winter one hundred and fifty boats, each large enough to carry twelve men, were built at Sarnia, and in the Spring of 1870 these were shipped to Port Arthur or "Prince Arthur's Landing," as it was then called. These boats, however, proved too unwieldy for a route fit only for light canoes and Wolseley after numerous mishaps left the Dawson Trail only to arrive on the Red River when the rebellion was over.

But Dawson's dream of a great trade-route from the prairie wheat belt to Lake Superior by way of the Rainy River has at length been realized. To-day the Canadian National Railway, following the general trend of the country through which the old trail ran, carries its millions of bushels annually to that monster elevator, the largest in the world, which overlooks "the shining Big Sea Water." Once more the old trail has come into its own as a gateway between the East and West.

From Fort Garry numerous trails had been broken northward and westward by the agents of that great Company of Gentleman Adventurers whose scattered fur-posts extended from Hudson's Bay to the far Pacific. At a later date stout Nor' Westers "mushed their huskies up the rivers," and fought the elder Company for pre-eminence. Red River carts were used as the principal means of conveyance from St. Paul to Winnipeg, and in time they superseded the big York boats on the Saskatchewan in the transportation of goods from Fort Garry to Edmonton and the Saskatchewan district. As many as fifteen hundred carts used to make the trip between Winnipeg and St. Paul. They were made entirely of

wood, and were held together by means of dried buffalo hide. The average rate of travel was about twenty miles a day, and as the carts followed one another in single file, there was little danger of losing the trail.

As settlement progressed and road allowances were surveyed, many of these trails were abandoned, but a number of them constituted such desirable highways that provision was made in the North-West Territories Act for having them surveyed and made permanent rights-of-way. The work of surveying was commenced in 1885 and completed in 1888. The most important in Alberta are as follows:

- (1) Calgary to Edmonton.
- (2) Calgary to Macleod.
- (3) Blackfoot Crossing to Fort Macleod.
- (4) Ft. Walsh to Medicine Hat.
- (5) Blackfoot Crossing to Calgary.
- (6) Calgary to Morley, north of the Bow River.
- (7) Calgary to Morley, south of the Bow River.
- (8) The Bow River Trail along the Bow River Bottom, near Calgary.

A few years later the pioneer became the trail-

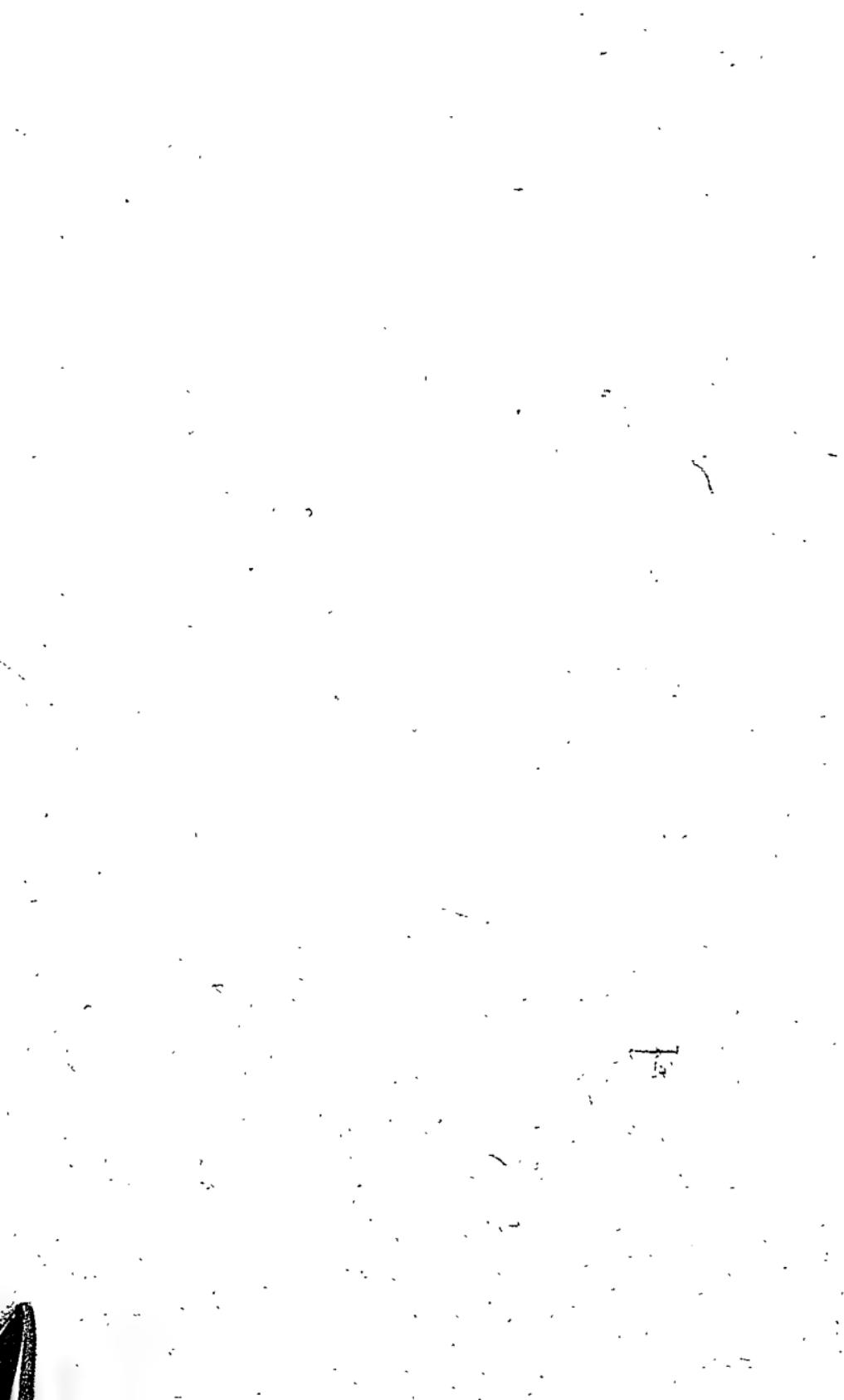
maker, as, like the storied Argonauts, he set out in search of his "golden fleece." And what journey could have been of greater interest and excitement than this voyage of the land-seeker over the grassy, verdant seas? As his prairie-schooner rounded each turn in the bush, or topped each hill on the treeless prairie, his keen eyes scanned the way beyond eagerly, awaiting the homestead of his dreams.

Ah, those pioneer trails! They have been crossed and re-crossed a thousand times by the frail but impregnable wire fence and where the rude wheels of Red River carts wore deep grooves in the yielding soil, great fields of grain bend beneath the passing breeze.

The last great trail over which land-seekers trekked in Manitoba in any great numbers was that known as the Dauphin Trail. Between the excellent farming district of Beautiful Plains, of which Neepawa is the centre, and the wonderfully fertile district of Dauphin there lay a long stretch of country not capable of being brought under speedy cultivation. Consequently the Dauphin district invited settlement some time before the coming of the railway, and over the well-marked trail there was a constant flow of land-seekers.

An amusing incident is told of one of these who was making the trip in the early nineties. It was in the Spring and the mud was deep. Toward nightfall the wagon met its Waterloo in a particularly deep mud-hole, and its owner decided to camp there for the night. The next moment he stumbled over a stake and the thought flashed through his mind, Why not homestead right here? He did so, and has had no cause to regret his sudden decision.

The Canadian National Railway has, here also, closely followed the old trail and where heavy four-horse wagons floundered through the mud, the Express now thunders by, carrying new settlers, new landseekers and home-makers to the provinces farther west. Yes, the old trails are passing, but faithfully have they served their purpose as highways in the wilderness for the men and women who believed in Canada's high destiny.



XXII

EARLY NAVIGATION ON THE
SASKATCHEWAN

Historical Sketch



XXII. EARLY NAVIGATION ON THE SASKATCHEWAN

Historical Sketch

THE history of river navigation in Canada is indissolubly linked with the names of the early French and English explorers. In their frail canoes these tireless path-finders made their way up the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa to Lake Nipissing and thence down the French River to Georgian Bay. They skirted the shores of the inland seas to the head of Lake Superior and by way of numberless portages crossed the Height of Land to Rainy Lake and the beautiful Lake of the Woods. They descended the wild Winnipeg to the lake of that name and after traversing its entire length paddled up the Saskatchewan to its distant home in the Rockies. They crossed the mountains and by other streams were borne down the western slope of the mighty ocean.

Of these great rivers, the Saskatchewan is of special importance to prairie dwellers to-day, not only as an avenue of communication but as a

storehouse of power. Its two branches, draining the vast stretch of territory between Lake Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, are sisters of the Missouri and Mississippi. The north branch rises in the mountainous region of western Alberta, flows north-east past Edmonton and then turns south-east. At Battleford it receives the waters of its tributary, the Battle, and after passing Prince Albert it is joined by the south branch, the combined streams pouring their waters into the northern end of Lake Winnipeg at Grand Rapids. The south branch, some eight hundred miles in length, is formed by the union of two mountain streams, the Bow and Belly rivers, and after skirting Medicine Hat and Saskatoon, pours its swirling waters into the North Branch which, at this point, has a width of six hundred yards.

Navigation on the Saskatchewan as a systematic enterprise dates from the middle of the eighteenth century when the youngest son of Verendrye ascended the river as far as the Forks. In 1774 Samuel Hearne, discoverer of the Coppermine, and a factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, built Cumberland House, about a hundred miles above Grand Rapids. Within twenty years

the great English fur-trading company had extended its posts westward to the foot of the Rockies, Norway House on Lake Winnipeg being the distributing point for its western trade. In 1783 the North-West Company was organized by a number of Montreal merchants, and carried on an extensive trade with the Indians along the Saskatchewan until the amalgamation of the two companies in 1821.

In the latter part of the last century the North-West Navigation Company placed a fleet of steamboats on the Saskatchewan and from 1880 to 1885 the river was navigated each summer from Edmonton to Grand Rapids. Rapids, shoals, and sand-bars mark the course of the northern branch from Edmonton to the Forks, a little below Prince Albert. From the Forks a short voyage down stream brings one to the Pas, where the new Hudson Bay Railway crosses the river. Eastward from the Pas, the Saskatchewan runs through a flat, marshy country with shallow lakes on either side. After passing through Cedar Lake it forms a huge angle and then makes a final plunge into Lake Winnipeg over the seven miles of Grand Rapids. The Navigation Company had a roadway built around the Rapids and freight was

transferred by means of teams from the lake to the river boats and *vice versa*.

The history of these early river boats is interesting. The *Marquis* was brought up from Winnipeg to Grand Rapids, taken to pieces, hauled across the portage in sections and rebuilt above the rapids. After running for several years between Grand Rapids and Prince Albert, the old steamer was drawn ashore at the latter place and destroyed by fire several years ago. The *Manitoba*, which ran between Prince Albert and Edmonton, went to pieces on a special trip up the Shell river many years before.

The oldest steamboats on the river were the *Lily* and the *Northcote*. The first drew too much water and was wrecked on a survey expedition up the south branch above Saskatoon. It was the *Lily* which met the *Marquis* of Lorne at Carleton in 1881, and conveyed him to Prince Albert and Battleford.

The *Northcote* distinguished herself during the Rebellion of 1885 by serving as a military transport and gun-boat. When it was decided to send supplies to the troops by river, the *Northcote*, then at Medicine Hat, was taken to Saskatchewan Landing where provisions and troops were

taken on board. Captain Howard with a Gatling gun battery monopolized the forepart of the upper deck and four companies of soldiers occupied the remainder. Two barges laden with supplies were lashed to the sides of the boat and on April 22nd the old stern-wheeler set out for Clark's Crossing where General Middleton anxiously awaited the expected stores.

The *Northcote's* progress was irritatingly slow. Owing to the turbulent nature of the South Saskatchewan, new channels are continuously being cut and new sand-bars being formed. The improvised gunboat, therefore, had her full share of trouble. She ran on the rocks once, ran ashore twice, and grounded on sandbars no fewer than eleven times in a single day. Clark's Crossing was reached on May 5th, and two of the companies were left there with a considerable part of the stores. It was discovered that General Middleton had advanced to Fish Creek and the boat arrived at that point with the two remaining companies on the following morning.

General Middleton decided to send the *Northcote* down the river to make an attack upon the rebel stronghold at Batoche while his main body of troops attacked it from the land. Unfortu-

nately, the steamer dropped down the stream too quickly and as she swung round the big bend above the town, she was swept by a leaden hail-storm from both sides of the river. At the same time, the rebels began to lower the heavy ferry cable, and the pilot seeing that their only chance of escape was to "smash through" ordered "full steam ahead."

The next moment the *Northcote* struck the powerful steel hawser which, from the force of the impact, bounded fully twenty feet into the air. The steamer's momentum caused her to pass partly under the wire before it fell on the hurricane deck, tearing the top off the wheel-house and sending the smoke-stacks down with a crash. Firing a broadside as she went, the *Northcote* made her way down stream to Hudson's Bay Ferry. Here she was joined by the *Marquis* and the two boats then proceeded up stream only to find that Batoche had been taken and Riel, the rebel leader, captured.

Some twenty years later, a more disastrous fate overtook the *City of Medicine Hat* which for several seasons was a familiar figure on the South Saskatchewan. While making a pleasure trip down stream from her namesake city she was wrecked at Saskatoon in 1907.

One of the most adventurous trips in recent years was that of the *Alberta* through the dreaded Grand Rapids. It was a risky experiment, but fortune favored her audacious crew; though the steamer sank in the still water immediately after reaching shore, she was afloat again in less than a week. She has served several summers as an excursion boat on the Red, and the Saskatchewan knows her no more.

Navigation on the Saskatchewan was no easy task. The channels were constantly changing, and it took a pilot with a practised eye to detect a shoal where probably on the previous trip a deep channel had existed. The larger boats had long spars attached to the bow, and these were operated by means of a donkey-engine. When the craft struck on a sand bar these spars were set at an angle and the donkey-engine proceeded to manipulate them in much the same way that a boatman handles his pole in punting a scow. As a rule, these boats were of very light draught, three feet being the maximum when the vessel was fully loaded.

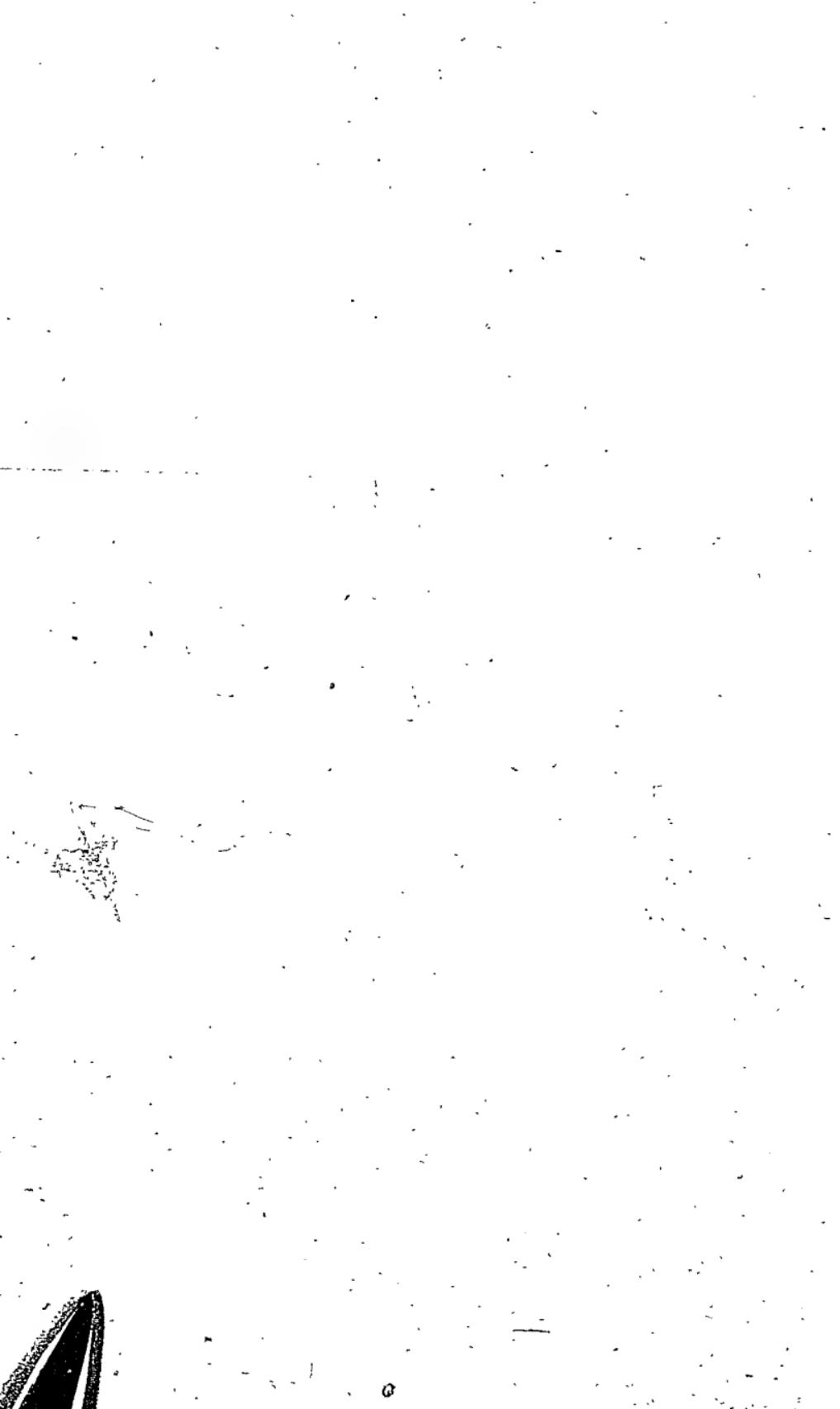
Until one became accustomed to life on the boat, sleep was out of the question. Sounding for the channel was too important an item to be dispensed with even under the most favourable

circumstances. One man was stationed at the bow with a long pole marked in feet, while another stood just outside the pilot-house. The first man would sound, and call out the various depths in a monotonous voice—"Two feet slack! Three feet slackening! No bottom!" or "Three feet! Two feet scant!" as the case might be, and the call would be repeated by the man near the pilot-house.

The Navigation Company made a practice of engaging Indians to cut wood during the winter so that fuel could be obtained at various points along the river. Failing to reach one of these points, the boat was tied up, and the crew turned out to cut enough wood to last until the next wood-yard was reached. The shifting of freight from one boat to another was done by Indians called "roustabouts," and the feats performed by some of these men were little short of marvellous.

The usefulness of the old river boats disappeared at last when the railways began to stretch out their tendons of steel into the north. The Calgary and Edmonton line robbed the river of most of Edmonton's trade, and the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake, and Saskatchewan Railway did the same for Prince Albert. At present there are no boats

operating on the south branch, and the once famous north branch fleet has given place to a few tug-boats and lumber-barges. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*



XXIII

ICEBREAK ON THE SASKATCHEWAN

An Incident of 1904



XXIII. ICE BREAK ON THE SASKATCHEWAN

An Incident of 1904

IT is daybreak, and roused from sleep by a low rumble like distant thunder we rush down to the river to see if the ice has begun to move. The great snow-covered surface is rent by a thousand cracks and seams, and muddy rivulets of water are soiling what was last night a mantle of purest white. Dark figures are seen moving on the huge wooden bridge which, supported on its massive piers, extends for a thousand feet from shore to shore. On the opposite bank a dense crowd has already collected, and is increased each moment by stragglers from the little town.

Suddenly, from far up the river, comes a deep roar. On it comes and the ice hisses and crackles as if smitten by an invisible hailstorm. Great cracks shoot hither and thither like forked lightning on a hot summer night. The whole surface of the mighty mass quakes and trembles, and huge blocks of ice heel over like sail boats caught in a

sudden squall. Another roar rolls down the valley, and before its echoes have died away the ice begins to move.

Slowly at first; slowly, but steadily and majestically it moves forward like some stately ship putting out to sea. As the great blocks approach the steel-bound ice breaks, which are so placed as to protect the piers, they jostle and crowd one another like eager schoolboys bound for the playground. As one great floe, weighing hundreds of tons, pushes its way through the narrow passage between the two centre piers, we hear a rending of wood and iron. Other blocks follow in the leader's wake; there is a momentary jam, then the two ice breaks are swept away and the bridge is exposed to the full fury of the flood.

The water now begins to flow more freely, and we congratulate ourselves that the danger-point is past. But hark! a cry from the crowd on the opposite banks is borne to our ears, and we look up-stream to ascertain the cause of their alarm. We have not long to wait. Drifting down the broad channel and almost reaching from bank to bank there swings round the bend a gigantic island of ice fully three acres in extent. If that mighty floe remains unbroken until it reaches

the bridge we know instinctively what will happen.

The great berg moves forward as if conscious of its latent power. Nearer and nearer it comes; it reaches us, is past, and with nerves taut and quivering we await the inevitable shock. *Crash!* No wood or iron ever put together could withstand the force of that terrific blow. The centre pier is crushed to atoms and two spans of the bridge fall crashing into the stream.

Presently a shout comes from the farther bank. Friends wave their hands, but we are too far off to hear what they say. As we catch sight of the broken telegraph line which hangs from the ends of the remaining spans we begin to realize how completely we are cut off from all communication with the little town. We begin to realize too, that we are hungry as wolves, and that breakfast should have been eaten an hour ago. Without a word we return to the shack to enjoy our bannock and bacon, and last but not least, a quiet smoke by the cheerful wood fire.

We are brought back to reality by the patter of moccasined feet, and Onita, the squaw from the hut next to ours, glides past the cabin window on her way to the river. In silence we knock the

ashes from our blackened pipes and follow after. It is now high noon; and the mid-day sun beats down upon us with summer-like intensity. The ice is still running. The two piers, one on each side of the river at the outer ends of the two remaining spans of the broken bridge, offer considerable obstruction to the ice, and only in the open space between them is the current running swiftly.

And now the middle passage itself is becoming blocked. A huge ice-boulder, four feet thick, has caught upon the remains of the broken middle pier, and the blocks behind are powerless to move it forward. The ice piles up quickly and soon a dam is formed right across the stream.

But something is happening on the farther shore. A man bursts through the crowd carrying on his shoulders a ladder and a coil of rope. He walks out on the bridge and suddenly appears at the end of the span which gapes at us from across the chasm. Quickly lowering the ladder until its foot rests upon one of the thick ice-floes below, he descends to the river.

He intends to cross! What utter madness! At any moment the barrier may give way, and what chance would any human being have against that

treacherous flood? But how active he is! Using the ladder as a bridge he leaps from floe to floe. Though we deplore his foolhardiness we cannot but admire his coolness and skill. On he comes! He is halfway across—he slips—he is down. He is up again, but we cannot cheer yet. Now we can see his face. Great heaven, it is *Francois*, our halfbreed neighbor, and a shrill cry goes up from the woman behind us. Onita has recognized her husband.

We turn again to the approaching figure on the ice. Slowly but steadily the halfbreed is nearing the span on our side of the river. The ice is rotten here, and he steps more warily. Only another thirty feet—now only twenty. Suddenly there is a deep rumble, and the great barrier shakes from end to end. Then slowly, like a gigantic turtle slipping from a log into the water, the great ice boulder in front slips off the broken pier, and the mass is again in motion.

At that instant a ladder is flung up into the air, and almost before its upper end has settled against a projecting beam, a man darts up it and stands erect upon the end of the bridge. For a moment there is deep silence; then a ringing cheer goes up from either bank. The man smiles and waves

his cap. He is happy for he has gained his own side of the river, and as he joins his wife we catch their soft, low *patois* in rapid question and answer.

The little drama is played, so why stay longer? The river has settled down to a steady pace, and the sun is sinking toward the west. Meal-time again, and after that a good night's rest. Tomorrow we shall try the boat.

XXIV

NIGHTFALL ON THE PRAIRIE

Descriptive Sketch



XXIV. NIGHTFALL ON THE PRAIRIE

Descriptive Sketch

THE storm has passed away, and the pine-clad hills, which looked so threatening an hour ago, have resumed their wonted repose. I have been fortunate—to-night will see me safe at home. The day's three services are over and I rejoice in a Sunday's work well done.

With a last hearty grip of the hand from the worthy rancher under whose roof I have just dispensed the Bread of Life, and a few parting words to the settlers who have ridden in for the fortnightly service, I leap into the saddle. No need of quirt or spur to-night! My pony is restive. The air, hot and oppressive, is discordant with the hum of mosquitoes, and "Broncho Billy" dashes forward as if unconscious of the long twenty miles before him.

A shimmer of summer lightning serves to accentuate the gathering gloom, and the long-drawn howl of a distant coyote announces the coming of night. A hawk swoops past us, and a firefly flashes his tiny lamp as if to warn us of the slough beyond. A watch-dog's bark betrays the presence of a neighbouring ranch, and a band of cattle

huddle closely round a smudge-fire whose blue smoke lies in heavy blanket folds along the reedy grasses. We turn to the right, ford a shallow stream, and then head straight for the Hills.

Billy has now settled down to a steady "lope." The air has grown cooler, and the trail is beginning to ascend. The neigh of a hobbled horse mingles with the mysterious sounds of the summer night and a dusky face peeps out from a weather-stained *tepee* close to the trail. Farther on, a covered wagon stands beside a dying campfire and gruff voices are heard within. Miles away, a row of twinkling lights marks the arrival of the "Pacific Express" at Medicine Hat, and a low rumble from the Bear-Paw Mountains indicates that the storm has crossed the boundary-line.

The trail is now quite indistinct. Billy realizes that I hold him responsible, and begins to step more carefully. We are old friends, Billy and I; and ever since that night we reached old Fort Walsh in the teeth of a howling blizzard we have had a most tender regard for each other. We have travelled many a mile together since then, and I know it will be a sad day for one when the other is laid to rest.

Night has fallen, and the blackness is intense. Except for the steady thud of Billy's unshod hoofs and the gentle swish of the ever-moving branches of the pines, not a sound breaks the solemn stillness.

As I ride on through the Stygian darkness, time and space are annihilated. I seem to be floating in an eternal Now, where there is no high or low, no Past or Future. I am a disembodied spirit reft of everything but consciousness, and even that begins to fail.

As Billy gives a grunt of satisfaction and breaks into a canter, I start and awake as from sleep. The drudgery of the ascent is over. We have gained the summit of the Hills, and as the narrow avenue wends along the broad plateau, a faint ghostly light filters through the waving branches of the trees. Surely there is magic abroad, for we are advancing up the aisle of a great cathedral whose "dim religious light" is produced by no human agency. The lamps of heaven are lit and pencils of silver hang quivering from each dew-laden branch and twig. Great archways, shrouded in thick darkness, rise up on either hand.

"And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

Suddenly Billy pricks up his ears and the spell is broken. Some one is rapidly approaching. The next moment, a horseman in red tunic and sombrero swings round the bend, and with a cheery "Good-night" passes on. It is the sergeant in charge of the North-West Mounted Police detachment at Medicine Lodge returning from "the Hat." Despite the long ride, his horse seems still fresh, and soon the measured hoof-beats die away in the distance.

Directly ahead of us, silhouetted against the sky, stands the framework of the old saw-mill which for six days each week is a scene of busy activity. The great lumber-piles gleam in patches of white through the dark shadows of the surrounding trees, and the damp sawdust gives out a sweet, pleasant odour of tamarac and pine.

And now we begin to descend. The path is steep and I have to force Billy back on his haunches to prevent him from pitching me into the valley below. "Steady, boy! Steady!" Slowly down the steep descent we advance until twenty yards from the bottom, and then a smart dash brings us out into the open.

What a restful scene breaks on the view! Before us, basking in the soft white moonlight, lies

Elkwater Lake, the bride of the Hills. As the freshening breeze ripples its glassy surface, myriads of tiny wavelets race and chase one another until they break in mad confusion on the opposing shore. A turtle slips off his log as we sweep past, and further out an active trout leaps up to catch a hapless fly.

As we round the eastern shore the wolf-hounds at the "Hall" set up an angry chorus, and the outcry is increased by other watch-dogs far and near. We are now in the English settlement, and pass in quick succession the shack of an old Oxonian, who rowed stroke for his college crew the year they were head of the river; the more pretentious dwelling of an ex-Guardsman and son of an earl; and the quaint bungalow of an ex-officer of the Indian Civil Service. Hidden behind the hill on the left lives the son of a Sussex vicar. Often, indeed, must these rolling hills remind him of his beloved native Downs.

But what brings these men here? What but the love of adventure that stirred in the blood of their Anglo-Saxon forefathers? That "truant spirit," the Call of the Wild—who can resist it? Can he who has shot down the rapid to the warning shout of the steersman, and

the *dip, dip* of the paddle? Can he who has heard the clamour of wild geese and the sharp, quick spit of the rifle on a dusky morning? Can he who has felt the whistle of the wind in his ears as he rode madly after cattle on the round-up? No! *That* call is irresistible, and these men are under the spell.

And we have felt it to-night, Billy and I. What is the Call of the Wild but the Call of God to men to come out of the crowded haunts of vice and to lead clean, pure lives? And a man who *can't* lead a pure life under these great skies, or under the shadow of these mighty Hills, is not a *man*, but a beast. Your pardon, Billy, my boy! I wrong you. He is worse than a beast.

One more look! "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help." And now on we go! We're both strong yet. Here's the creek! Over you go! Now up the slope—the home stretch. Good boy! We're home, Billy! We're *Home!*

